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SONGS,

BY

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THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

James Hogg

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH:
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.
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DONALD MACDONALD.

I PLACE this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses,—for there it ranks rather low,—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the Three Kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve years, no one ever knew or enquired who was the author.—It is set to the old air, "Won'd an' married an' a'."

My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I leeve in the Heclands sae grand;
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,
Wherever my Maker has land.
When rankit amang the blue bonnets,
Nae danger can fear me ava;
I ken that my brethren around me
Are either to conquer or fa'.

Brogues an' brochin an' a',
Brochin an' brogues an' a';
An' is nae her very weel aff
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?—
To tell it I dinna think shame;
Poor lad, he cam to us but barely,
An' reckon'd our mountains his hame.
'Twas true that our reason forbade us;
But tenderness carried the day;—
Had Geordie come friendless amang us,
Wi' him we had a' gane away.
Sword an' buckler an' a',
Buckler an' sword an' a';
Now for George we'll encounter the devil,
Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' O, I wad eagerly press him
The keys o' the East to retain;
For should he gie up the possession,
We'll soon hae to force them again.

Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,
Though it were my finishing blow,
He ay may depend on M'Donald,
Wi' his Heelanders a' in a row:
Knees an' elbows an' a',
Elbows an' knees an a';
Depend upon Donald M'Donald,
His knees an' elbows an' a'!

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort-William,
Auld Europe nae langer should grane;
I laugh when I think how we'd gall him,
Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;
Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garny
We'd rattle him o' frae our shore,
Or lull him asleep in a cairny;
An' sing him—Lochaber no more!
Stanes an' bullets an' a',
Bullets an' stanes an' a';
We'll finish the Corsican callan
Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'!

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,
An' Campbell is steel to the bane,
An' Grant, an' M'Kenzie, an' Murray,
An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;
The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal,
An' sae is M'Leod an' M'Kay;
An' I, their gudebrither, M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!
Brogues an' brochin an' a',
Brochin an' brogues an' a';
An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!*

---

* I once heard the above song sung in the theatre at Lancaster, when the singer substituted the following lines of his own for the last verse:

'For Jock Bull he is good in a hurry,
An' Sawney is steel to the bane,
An' wee Davie Welsh is a widdy,
An' Paddy will hurkle to nane;
They'll a' prove baith sturdy and loyal,
Come dangers around them what may,
An' I, their gudebrither, M'Donald,
Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!" &c.

It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored, and

there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as any body. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night, that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar.

Another anecdote concerning this song I may mention; and I do it with no little pride, as it is a proof of the popularity of Donald M'Donald among a class, to inspire whom with devotion to the cause of their country was at the time a matter of no little consequence. Happening upon one occasion to be in a wood in Dumfries-shire, through which wood the highroad passed, I heard a voice singing; and a turn of the road soon brought in sight a soldier, who seemed to be either travelling home upon furlough, or returning to his regiment. When the singer approached nearer, I distinguished the notes of my own song of Donald M'Donald. As the lad proceeded with his song, he got more and more into the spirit of the thing, and on coming to the end,

"An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt an' the feather an' a'!"

in the height of his enthusiasm, he hoisted his cap on the end of his staff, and danced it about triumphantly. I stood ensconced behind a tree, and heard and saw all without being observed.

SCOTIA'S GLENS

Was written the same year with the foregoing, and published in several papers the following year; a feeble attempt to contribute my mite for the defence of my country, the only way that it was in my power. It became popular in India. The original name of the air is "Lord Ballenden's delight" —a fine one, but hard to sing—to be found in some of the old collections.

'Mang Scotia's glens and mountains blue,
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
Nor Danish lions rallied,
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
Where roves the swift an' stately deer,
There live the lads to freedom dear,
By foreign yoke ne'er galled!

There woods grow wild on every hill,
There freemen wander at their will,
And Scotland will be Scotland still,
While hearts so brave defend her!
Fear not, our sovereign Liege, they cry,
We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye;
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
Nor aught but life surrender!

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,
And taught our navies wide to spread,
The smallest hair from thy grey head
No foreign foe shall sever;
Thy honour'd age in peace to save,
The sternest enemy we'll brave,
Or stem the fiercest ocean wave,
Nor heart nor hand shall waver!

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,
Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
Or fall in heaps around him!

Although the Irish Harp were won,
And England's Roses all o'errun,
'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,
We'll form a bulwark round him!

THE BROOM SAE GREEN

Is my greatest favourite at present,—probably because the air is my own, as well as the verses; for I find I have a particular facility in approving of such things. It is beautifully set by Bishop, in Goulding and D'Almaine's Select Scottish Melodies.

LANG I sat by the broom sae green,
An' O, my heart was eerie!
For aye this strain was breathed within,
Your laddie will no come near ye!
Lie still, thou wee bit fluttering thing,
What means this weary wavering?
Nae heart returns thy raptured spring,
Your laddie will no come near ye!

His leifu' sang the robin sung
On the bough that hung sae near me,
Wi' tender grief my heart was wrung,
For O, the strain was dreary!

The robin's sang it coudnae be
That gart the tear-drap blind my ee;
How ken'd the wee bird on the tree
That my laddie wad no come near me?

The new-wean'd lamb on yonder lea
It bleats out through the braken,
The herried bird upon the tree
Mourns o'er its nest forsaken;—
If they are wae, how weel may I?
Nae grief like mine aneath the sky,
The lad I lo'e he cares nae by
Though my fond heart is breaking!

FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL

Was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Niel Gow, junior. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr Morison, I never was so agreeably astonished, —I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it.

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the correi that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.
She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main,
An' aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant an' young,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brows of Ben-Connal,
He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eyry can claim;
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the sh[redacted]
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he—
The conflict is past, and our name is no more—
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue!
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

Is it not singular how this song should have been so popular? There can be no dispute that it is one of my worst. The air was likewise given me by my friend the late Mr Niel Gow, and to it I dashed down the words at random. Afterwards, when there was like to be a dust among the music-sellers about the tune, Mr Robertson wrote to me about it, and to justify his appropriation, assured me that the air was that of "Gala Water!" I answered that I would not dispute his authority, but after that, no man was entitled to disbelieve that a horse-hair would turn an eel.—For the music of this and the foregoing song, the best sets are to be found in Mr Purdie's Border Garland, by Dewar.

Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry!
Health to M'Donnell and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave M'Intosh he shall fly to the field with them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore!
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald an' Donald, drive on, wi' the broad claymore,
Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie?

THE SKYLARK.

A LITTLE pastoral song, worth half-a-dozen of the foregoing.—For the fine original air, see Mr Purdie's Border Garland.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

THIS pastoral ballad is likewise set to music by Bishop, in Goulding and D'Almaine's Select Melodies, but I confess not much to my taste, as he has ruined the simplicity of my favourite air, which I deemed a masterpiece.

I'LL sing of yon glen of red heather,
An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,
Wha's a' made o' love-life thegither,
Frae the tie o' the shoe to the kaime.
Love beckons in every sweet motion,
Commanding due homage to gie;
But the shrine o' my dearest devotion
Is the bend o' her bonny eebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie
To gang to the brakens wi' me;
But, though neither lordly nor saucy,
Her answer was—"Laith wad I be!

I neither hae father nor mither,
Sage counsel or caution to gie;
An' prudence has whisper'd me never
To gang to the brakens wi' thee."

Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,
An' try your ain love to beguile?
For ye are the richest young lady
That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.
Your smile, that is blither than ony,
The bend o' your cheerfu' eebree,
An' the sweet blinks o' love there sae bonny,
Are five hunder thousand to me!

She turn'd her around, an' said, smiling,
While the tear in her blue eye shone clear,
"You're welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,
For, O, you hae valued it dear:
Gae make out the lease, do not linger,
Let the parson indorse the decree;
An' then, for a wave o' your finger,
I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming feature,
When love lurks in every young line;
There's joy in the beauties of nature,
There's joy in the dance and the wine:
But there's a delight will ne'er perish,
'Mang pleasures all fleeting an' vain,
And that is to love and to cherish
The fond little heart that's our ain!

THE MINSTREL BOY

Was written as a *per contra* to Mr Moore's song to the same air. But either he or his publishers, or both, set up their birses, and caused it and a great many more to be cancelled,—the most ridiculous of all things, in my opinion, I ever knew. It was manifestly because they saw mine were the best. Let them take that! as Gideon Laidlaw said when the man died who had cheated him.

The Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
In its deepest dells you'll find him,
Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
And fairies listen behind him.
He sings of nature all in her prime,
Of sweets that around him hover,
Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,
And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,
Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
For, ah! there is love to beacon his way,
And hope in the song he's singing!
The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
And maidens may chorus it rarely;
But unless there be love in the heart within,
The ditty will charm but sparely.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

This Jacobite song is set to an old Highland melody, by the late Mr R. A. Smith, to whom the vocal melodies of Scotland are more indebted than to any man that ever existed. The song itself was composed from a scrap of a translation in prose of what Mrs Fraser said was a Gaelic song.

Farewell to Glen-Shalloch,
A farewell for ever!
Farewell to my wee cot
That stands by the river!
The fall is loud sounding
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a child at her knee,
And a child at her bosom:

I heard her sweet voice
'Mid the depth of my slumber,
And the sang that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

" Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is nought to alarm thee;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee!
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden!

" The brave were betray'd,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing!
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance!

" I'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering;
I'll bind on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering;
I'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honour,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her!

" Our tower of devotion
Is the home of the reaver;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever!
The pride of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honours are shaken!

" Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger!
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.

O come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye!"

CALEDONIA.

It is rather curious that the only time I ever heard this song sung, except by one young lady (Miss Forrest), was in the theatre at Lancaster, by the same man who sung Donald M'Donald, a Scotsman, I think, of the name of M'Rae. He sung it to a monotonous tune, and it did not take well. They were both announced for a future night; but I came off and left them. It happened to be the time of the assizes, and in two days, out of near forty offenders, they cast twenty-four for execution, the whole trials taking up little more time than in Scotland would have been taken for the trial of one. I had gone to make the tour of Wales; but it appeared to me that all these fellows were just men that they had brought in to be hanged. So I thought I was long enough there, and the next morning set off for Scotland by the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and so ended my tour to Wales. Niel Gow, jun. composed the air to which it is set in the Border Garland, but it is oftener sung to another composed by a young lady.

Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind:

Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,
Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans,
That roam on these mountains so drear!

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,
Could never thy ardour restrain;
The marshall'd array of imperial Rome
Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain!
Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,
Of genius unshackled and free,
The muses have left all the vales of the south,
My loved Caledonia, for thee!

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps,
Where loveliness slumbers at even,
While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps
A calm little motionless heaven!
Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,
And the land of my forefathers' grave!

THE NOCTES SANG

Was made one day in Edinburgh, for singing in Ambrose's at night, on a particular occasion, when a number of foreign literary gentlemen were to be of the party. I did not sing it till late at night, when we were all beginning to get merry; and the effect on the party was like electricity. It was encored I know not how oft, and Mr Gillies ruffed and screamed out so loud in approbation, that he fell from his chair, and brought an American gentleman down with him. I have lost a verse of it, but it is likely to have been preserved in the Noctes Ambrosianæ. It has been always the first song at our jovial meetings ever since. The air is my own, and a very capital one. I believe it is preserved in the Noctes, and nowhere else.

If e'er you wad be a brave fellow, young man,
Beware o' the Blue an' the Yellow, young man;
For if ye wad be strang,
An' wad wish to live lang,
Come join wi' the lads that get mellow, young man!

Like the crack of a squib that is thrawn on, young man,
Compared wi' the roar of a cannon, young man,
Sae is a Whig's blow
To the pith that's below
The brand of auld Geordie Buchanan, young man.

I heard a bit burd in the braken, young man,
It sung till the Whigs were a' quakin', young man;
An' aye the sad lay
Was, Alack for the day!
For the Blue an' the Yellow's forsaken, young man!
If ye wad hear tell o' their pingle, young man,
Gae list that wee burd in the dingle, young man;
Its notes o' despair
Are sae loud in the air,
That the windows of heaven play jingle, young man!

I'll gie you a toast of the auldest, young man,
The loyal heart ne'er was the cauldest, young man;
Our King an' his Throne,
Be his glory our own,
An' the last o' his days aye the bauldest, young man!

But as for the rogue that wad hector, young man,
And set us at odds wi' a lecture,* young man,
May he dance Cutty-mun,†
Wi' his neb to the sun,
An' his doup to the General Director,‡ young man!

* A celebrated London professor was lecturing there then.

† *Cutty-mun*; an old Scottish tune of exceedingly quick and cramp time.

‡ This is a mysterious allusion to the common place of execution in Edinburgh. C. N. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK

Was written at the request, and for the singing, of Dr Clarkson of Selkirk, who liked the old air, and sung it well. Of course, the song is meant to express his own sentiments. He said he did not wish for a long song—a short song, by all manner of means. But when he got it he was in a mighty passion, because there was no more of it. "It was no song at all," he said; "it was not well begun till it was done."

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
The sons of an auld pedigree!
An' up wi' the lads o' the Forest,
Renown'd for their leal loyaltye!
I may be mista'en, but I carena,
My error I never shall rue;
Of all manly virtues I value
The heart that is loyal and true.
Sing umptidy-tumptidy tearhim, &c

Let them brag o' their factious republics,
Of brawling an' plebeian birth;
The land that has got a good sovereign,
Has got the best blessing on earth.
Then up wi' our auld-fashion'd structure,
An' Willie the tap o' the tree!
An' up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk!
The sons o' auld heroes for me!
Sing umptidy-tumptidy tearhim,
Sing umptidy-tumptidy tee;
Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk!
The sons o' auld heroes for me!

O, JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE!

HAPPENING to spend an evening, as I had done many, with Patrick Maxwell, Esq., he played the old air, "Over the Border," so well, that I could get no rest or sleep till I had composed the following verses for it that I could croon to myself. The late Mrs Gray went over and corrected them next day. It has been by far the most popular love-song I ever wrote.—For the air, see The Border Garland.

O, MY lassie, our joy to complete again,
Meet me again i' the gloaming, my dearie;
Low down in the dell let us meet again—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
Come, when the wee bat flits silent and eiry,
Come, when the pale face o' Nature looks weary;
Love be thy sure defence,
Beauty and innocence—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree,
Wild roses speck our thicket sae breery;
Still, still will our walk in the greenwood be—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!
List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,
List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye,
Then come with fairy haste,
Light foot, an' beating breast—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be,
Beauty an' truth, they darena come near it;
Kind love is the tie of our unity,
A' maun love it, an' a' maun revere it.
'Tis love makes the sang o' the woodland sae cheery,
Love gars a' nature look bonny that's near ye;
That makes the rose sae sweet,
Cowslip an' violet—
O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye!

ARABIAN SONG.

These verses were written to an Arabian air, sent me by R. A. Smith, which I lost. They were subsequently set to music by Bishop, to an air which I liked much better.—See Select Scottish Melodies, by Goulding and D'Almaine.

Meet me at even, my own true love,
Meet me at even, my honey, my dove,
Where the moonbeam revealing
The cool fountain stealing
Away and away
Through flow'rets so gay,
Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
Love is the valley of joyfulness;
A garden of roses,
Where rapture reposes

A temple of light,
All heavenly bright—
O, virtuous love is the soul's delight!

I LOOKIT EAST, I LOOKIT WEST.

TICKLER.

Cease your funning, James, and give us a song.

SHEPHERD *sings.*

I LOOKIT east, I lookit west,
I saw the darksome coming even;
The wild bird sought its cozy nest,
The kid was to the hamlet driven;
But house nor hame aneath the heaven,
Except the skeugh o' greenwood tree,
To seek a shelter in, was given
To my three little bairns an' me.

I had a prayer I couldna pray,
I had a vow I couldna breathe,
For aye they led my words astray,
And aye they war connected baith

Wi' ane wha now was cauld in death:
I lookit round wi' watery ee,
Hope wasna there—but I was laith
To see my little bairnies dee.

Just as the breeze the aspen stirr'd,
And bore aslant the falling dew,
I thought I heard a bonny bird
Singing amid the air sae blue
It was a lay that did renew
The hope deep sunk in misery;
It was of ane my waes that knew,
And some kind hearts that cared for me.

O sweet as breaks the rising day,
Or sunbeam through the wavy rain,
Fell on my soul the cheering lay—
Was it an angel pour'd the strain?
Whoe'er has kend a mother's pain,
Bent o'er the babe upon her knee,
O they will bless, and bless again
The generous hearts that cared for me!

A cot was rear'd by Mercy's hand,
Amid the dreary wilderness;
It rose as if by magic wand,
A shelter to forlorn distress.
And weel I ken that Heaven will bless
The heart that issued the decree;
The widow and the fatherless
Can never pray, and slighted be.

TICKLER.

Very touching, James, indeed. You are a tragic poet after Aristotle's own heart; for well you know how to purge the soul by pity and terror.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, that I do, sir; an' by a' sorts of odd humour too. Snap your thumbs.—NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, No. XXVIII.

Some explanation is necessary still towards the understanding of the above song. It was written many years ago, at the joint request of Mr Galt and some other literary friends, for singing at the first meeting of some benevolent society in London, the denomination of which I have forgot; but it was for

the purpose of relieving the wives and families of Scottish soldiers who had fallen in our sanguine wars abroad. The song was well received, having been sung by professional singers to the Scottish air of " The Birks of Invermay."

THE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPLE.

NORTH.

Stop, stop, Beelzebub, and read aloud that bit of paper you have in your fist.

BEELZEBUB.

Yes, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Lord sauf us, what a voice! They're my ain verses, too. Whisht, whisht!

BEELZEBUB *sings* "*The Great Muckle Village of Balmaquhapple*," *to the tune of* "*The Sodger Laddie*."

D'ye ken the big village of Balmaquhapple,
The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple?
'Tis steep'd in iniquity up to the thrapple,
An' what's to become o' poor Balmaquhapple?

Fling a' aff your bannets, an' kneel for your life, fo'ks,
And pray to St Andrew, the god o' the Fife fo'ks;
Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vociferation,
And thus you may cry on sic needfu' occasion:

"O, blessed St Andrew, if e'er ye could pity fo'k,
Men fo'k or women fo'k, country or city fo'k,
Come for this aince wi' the auld thief to grapple,
An' save the great village of Balmaquhapple
Frae drinking an' leeing, an' flyting an' swearing,
An' sins that ye wad be affrontit at hearing,
An' cheating an' stealing; O, grant them redemption,
All save an' except the few after to mention:

"There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes ne'er to need ye,
Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, an' sae greedy;
Wha prays every hour as the wayfarer passes,
But aye at a hole where he watches the lasses;
He's cheated a thousand, an' e'en to this day yet,
Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears that say it
Then gie him his gate; he's sae slee an' sae civil,
Perhaps in the end he may wheedle the devil.

" There's Cappie the cobbler, an' Tammie the tinman,
An' Dickie the brewer, an' Peter the skinman,
An' Geordie our deacon, for want of a better,
An' Bess, wha delights in the sins that beset her.
O, worthy St Andrew, we canna compel ye,
But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
If these gang to heaven, we'll a' be sae shockit,
Your garret o' blue will but thinly be stockit.

" But for a' the rest, for the women's sake, save them,
Their bodies at least, an' their sauls, if they have them;
But it puzzles Jock Lesly, an' sma' it avails,
If they dwell in their stamocks, their heads, or their tails.
An' save, without word of confession auricular,
The clerk's bonny daughters, an' Bell in particular;
For ye ken that their beauty's the pride an' the staple
Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple!"

NORTH (*aside to* TICKLER.)

Hogg's, bad.

SHEPHERD.

What's that you twa are speaking about? Speak up!

NORTH.

These fine lines must be preserved, James. Pray, are they allegorical ?

SHEPHERD.

Preserve's, what a dracht's in that lum! &c.—NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, No. XXVI.

Christopher might well ask such a question, for I cannot conceive what could induce me to write a song like this. It must undoubtedly have some allusion to circumstances which I have quite forgot.

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

The air of this Jacobite song is to be found in Smith's Scottish Minstrel. It was first published by Captain Fraser.

Was ever old warrior of suffering so weary?
Was ever the wild beast so bay'd in his den?
The southron bloodhounds lie in kennel so near me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me,
No child to protect me, where once there were ten;
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,
And wo to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen!

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright steep of morning has blush'd at the view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:

For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen;
The pride of my country is fallen for ever—
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea;
O! is there no day-spring for Scotland—no morrow
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes, One above all hath beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

THE THREE MEN OF MORISTON.

This ballad is beautifully set to music by Thomson;—the accompaniments by the immortal Haydn. The editor adds, that he has given this excellent ballad as it came to him; but though it commemorates three worthies only, it has been said that there were six of them, namely, the three trusty Macdonalds, Peter Grant, Hugh Chisholm, and Colin Fraser, by whom the Prince was concealed and supported in a cave in Glen-Moriston, for above five weeks. One of the Macdonalds went often in disguise into the English camp, to procure some wheaten bread for their guest, and pick up what intelligence he could. There he regularly heard, at the drum-head, a proclamation in English and Gaelic, of a reward of fifty thousand pounds, to any one who would produce the Pretender. But though the guardians of the cave had not a shilling among them all, they despised enriching themselves by an act of treachery. How painful it is to add, what the editor has been assured is true, that one of these magnanimous poor fellows was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow! On the ladder he declared that he had never taken either sheep or cow from any of his own clan or their friends, nor from any man who had not risen against the house of Stuart. Consequently,

all attempts to persuade him to acknowledge the justice of his sentence were fruitless."

The ballad was once much longer and more particular; but Mr Thomson shortened it to suit a page, and, as usual, I have no original copy.

Now cease of auld ferlies to tell us,
That happen'd nane living kens when;
I'll sing you of three noble fellows
Wha lived in the wild Highland glen.
The times were grown hard to brave Donald,
For lost was Culloden's sad day;
The hearts o' the chiefs were a' broken,
And O, but poor Donald was wae!

They keekit out o'er the wild correi,—
The towers of Clan-Ranald were gone;
The reek it hung red o'er Glengarry;
Lochaber was herried and lone!
They turn'd them about on the mountain,
The last o' their shealings to see;
"O, hon a Righ!" cried poor Donald;
"There's naething but sorrow for me!"

Now our three noble lads are in hiding,
Afar in Glen-Moriston's height;
In the rock a' the day they are biding,
And the moon is their candle by night.
And oft their rash rising they rued it,
As looking o'er ravage and death,
And blamed their ain prince, Charlie Stuart,
For causing the Highlands sic skaith.

Ae night they sat fearfu' o' danger,
And snappit their kebbuck fu' keen,
When in came a stately young stranger,
As ragged as man e'er was seen.
They hadna weel lookit around them
Till tears cam happing like rain—
"You're welcome, young Dugald M'Cluny;
For a' you see here is your ain!"

Each kend the brave wreck of Culloden,
But dared not to mention his name,
Lest one of the three had betray'd him,
And cover'd their country wi' shame.

They served him with eager devotion,
They clad him from shoulder to tae,
Spread his board from the moor and the ocean,
And watch'd o'er him a' the lang day.

They had not a plack in their coffer,
They had not a ewe on the brae,
Yet kend o' mair goud in their offer
Than they could have carried away.
Now crack o' your Grecian and Roman!
We've cast them a' back in the shade;
Gie me a leal-hearted M'Donald,
Wi' nought but his dirk and his plaid!

The sun shines sweet on the heather,
When tempests are over and gane;
But honour shines bright in all weather,
Through poverty, hardship, and pain.
Though we had ne'er heard o' Clan-Ronald's
Nor gallant Glengarry's wild sway,
The names of the loyal M'Donalds
Had flourish'd for ever and aye!

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, (" when the kye come hame,") when a tailor, scratching his head, said, " It was a terrible affectit way that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again. It is to the old air of " Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't," with an additional chorus. It is set to music in the Noctes, at which it was first sung, and in no other place that I am aware of.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loes to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,

And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Doops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame, &c.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame!
When the kye comes hame, &c.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame!

I composed the foregoing song I neither know how nor when; for when the "Three Perils of Man" came first to my hand, and I saw this song put into the mouth of a drunken poet, and mangled in the singing, I had no recollection of it whatever. I had written it off hand along with the prose, and quite forgot it. But I liked it, altered it, and it has been my favourite pastoral for singing ever since. It is too long to be sung from beginning to end; but only the second and ante-penult verses can possibly be dispensed with, and these not very well neither.

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

ALEXANDER STUART of Lenachan was a man of gigantic strength, and an officer of the regiment of Appin. He was obliged to make his escape to America, several years subsequent to the *Forty-Five*, to elude the vengeance of the Campbells. The song is set to music by Smith, in The Scottish Minstrel.

FARE thee weel, my native cot,
Bothy o' the birken-tree!
Sair the heart an' hard the lot
O' the man that parts wi' thee!
My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd—
Then thy wicker-work was full;
Many a Campbell's glen he clear'd,
Hit the buck, an' hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;

In thy bein and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame—
Routh and welcome was his fare;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair!

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendnae how the sword to wield;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field!
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to dee;
Every lad within thee bred
Died beneath heaven's open ee!

Charlie Stuart he came here
For our king, as right became;
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir,
Or desert his royal name?
Firm to stand and free to fa',
Forth we march'd right valiantlie—

Gane is Scotland's king and law,
And wo to Appin and to me!

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret;
Here nae langer I maun stay,
But when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play!
Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken-tree!
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the warrior leaving thee!

THE STUARTS OF APPIN.

No national calamity has ever given me so much pain as the total bereavement of the brave Clans who stood to the last for the cause of the House of Stuart. It is a stain on the annals of our Legislature which can never be blotted out. Of course, the following effusion, among many others, was sincerely from the heart. The song is set to a fine warlike air, by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

I SING of a land that was famous of yore,
The land of Green Appin, the ward of the flood,
Where every grey cairn that broods o'er the shore,
Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good.
The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed,—
The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fingal,—
And late of a race, that with tears must be named,
The noble Clan Stuart, the bravest of all.
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin!
Their glory is o'er,
For the clan is no more,
And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
And all the proud files of Glenorchy and Lorn,
While one of the Stuarts held claim on the crown,
His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,
But still on the Stuarts of Appin they ran,
To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood
The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing—
It was then that the Stuarts the foremost still stood,
And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
O, proud Inverlochy! O, day of renown!
Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruachin,
Was ne'er such an host by such valour o'erthrown,
Was ne'er such a day for the Stuarts of Appin!
Oh-hon, an Righ, and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

And ne'er for the crown of the Stuarts was fought
One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,

But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
And dearest of all on the field of Culloden!
Lament, O, Glen-Creran, Glen-Duror, Ardshiel,
High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd were never,
For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
And the bold clan of Stuart must perish for ever!
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends low,
The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labour;
Glencoe, and Clan-Donnachie, where are they now?
And where is bold Keppoch, the lord of Lochaber?
All gone with the house they supported!—laid low,
While dogs of the south their bold life-blood were lapping,
Trod down by a proud and a merciless foe—
The brave are all gone with the Stuarts of Appin!
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin, &c.

They are gone! they are gone! the redoubted, the brave!
The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing,

Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave,
Where the unconquer'd foes of the Campbell are lying.
But, long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
And bleed for the fall of the Stuarts of Appin!
Oh-hon, an Righ! and the Stuarts of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old Stuarts of Appin!
Their glory is o'er,
For their star is no more,
And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin!

THE POOR MAN.

THE air of this song is my own, and is to be found in The Border Garland, with accompaniments by Dewar—Mr Purdie's edition.

LOOSE the yett, an' let me in,
Lady wi' the glistening ee,
Dinna let your menial train
Drive an auld man out to dee.
Cauldrife is the winter even,
See, the rime hangs at my chin
Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in!

Ye shall gain a virgin hue,
Lady, for your courtesye,
Ever beaming, ever new,
Aye to bloom an' ne'er to dee.

Lady, there's a lovely plain
Lies beyond yon setting sun,
There we soon may meet again—
Short the race we hae to run.

'Tis a land of love an' light;
Rank or title is not there,
High an' low maun there unite,
Poor man, prince, an' lady fair;
There, what thou on earth hast given,
Doubly shall be paid again!
Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in!

Blessings rest upon thy head,
Lady of this lordly ha'!
That bright tear that thou didst shed
Fell nae down amang the snaw
It is gane to heaven aboon,
To the fount of charitye;
When thy days on earth are done,
That blest drop shall plead for thee

THE WOMEN FO'K.

THE air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favourite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens; and, notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again. —For the air, see the Border Garland.

O SAIRLY may I rue the day
I fancied first the womenkind;
For aye sinsyne I ne'er can hae
Ae quiet thought or peace o' mind!
They hae plagued my heart an' pleased my ee,
An' teased an' flatter'd me at will,
But aye, for a' their witcherye,
The pawky things I lo'e them still.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

I hae thought an' thought, but darena tell,
I've studied them wi' a' my skill,
I've lo'ed them better than mysell,
I've tried again to like them ill.
Wha sairest strives, will sairest rue,
To comprehend what nae man can;
When he has done what man can do,
He'll end at last where he began.
O the women fo'k, &c.

That they hae gentle forms an' meet,
A man wi' half a look may see;
An' gracefu' airs, an' faces sweet,
An' waving curls aboon the bree;
An' smiles as soft as the young rose-bud,
An' een sae pawky, bright, an' rare,
Wad lure the laverock frae the cludd—
But, laddie, seek to ken nae mair!
O the women fo'k, &c.

Even but this night nae farther gane,
The date is neither lost nor lang,

I tak ye witness ilka ane,
How fell they fought, and fairly dang.
Their point they've carried right or wrang,
Without a reason, rhyme, or law,
An' forced a man to sing a sang,
That ne'er could sing a verse ava.
O the women fo'k! O the women fo'k!
But they hae been the wreck o' me;
O weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!

M'LEAN'S WELCOME.

I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen-Lyon, from a scrap of prose said to be the translation, *verbatim*, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air, sung by one of the sweetest singers and most accomplished and angelic beings of the human race. But, alas! earthly happiness is not always the lot of those who, in our erring estimation, most deserve it. She is now no more, and many a strain have I poured to her memory. The air is arranged by Smith.—See the Scottish Minstrel.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
And though you be weary,
We'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie,
And his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer,
We'll bring down the black steer,

The lamb from the braken,
And doe from the glen,
The salt sea we'll harry,
And bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy
And curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;
Come o'er the sea, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
And you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
When kings do not ken,
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
And his friend the M'Lean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
Dear Charlie, brave Charlie;

Come o'er the stream, Charlie,
And dine with M'Lean;
If aught will invite you,
Or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen,
All ranged on the heather,
With bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores,
Three hundred and ten!

THE MAID OF THE SEA

Is one of the many songs which Moore caused me to cancel, for nothing that I know of, but because they ran counter to his. It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim a copyright of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, however, seems to be the case in the London law; for true it is that my songs were cancelled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force him to cancel Lalla Rookh for stealing it wholly from the Queen's Wake, which is so apparent in the plan, that every London judge will give it in my favour, although he ventured only on the character of one accomplished bard, and I on seventeen. He had better have let my few trivial songs alone.—It was once set to music by Smith.

Come from the sea,
Maiden, to me,
Maiden of mystery, love, and pain!
Wake from thy sleep,
Low in the deep,
Over thy green waves sport again!

Come to this sequester'd spot, love,
Death's where thou art, as where thou art not, love;
Then come unto me,
Maid of the Sea,
Rise from the wild and stormy main;
Wake from thy sleep,
Calm in the deep,
Over thy green waves sport again!

Is not the wave
Made for the slave,
Tyrant's chains, and stern control;
Land for the free
Spirit like thee?
Thing of delight to a minstrel's soul,
Come, with thy song of love and of sadness,
Beauty of face and rapture of madness;
O, come unto me,
Maid of the Sea,
Rise from the wild and surging main;
Wake from thy sleep,
Calm in the deep,
Over thy green waves sport again!

GO HOME TO YOUR REST.

ANOTHER of the proscribed M'Gregors; but here he is again, and sung to the well-known old air of "The Dandy O."

Go home, go home to your rest, young man,
The sky looks cold in the west, young man;
For should we rove
Through Morna's grove,
A noontide walk is the best, young man;
Go sleep, the heavens look pale, young man,
And sighs are heard in the gale, young man:
A walk in the night,
By the dim moonlight,
A maiden might chance to bewail, young man!

When all the world's awake, young man,
A proffer of love I may take, young man;

But the star of truth,
The guide of my youth,
Never pointed to midnight wake, young man.
Go sleep till rise of the sun, young man,
The sage's eye to shun, young man;
For he's watching the flight
Of demons to-night,
And may happen to take thee for one, young man!

THE HARP OF OSSIAN.

I HAVE been sorely blamed by some friends for a sentiment expressed in this song; but I have always felt it painfully that the name of SCOTLAND, the superior nation in every thing but wealth, should be lost, not in Britain, for that is proper, but in England. In all dispatches we are denominated *the English*, forsooth! We know ourselves, however, that we are not English, nor ever intend to be.—This song is finely set by H. R. Bishop, in one of the Musical Bijous.

OLD harp of the Highlands, how long hast thou slumber'd
In cave of the correi, ungarnish'd, unstrung!
Thy minstrels no more with thy heroes are number'd,
Or deeds of thy heroes no more dare be sung.
A seer late heard, from thy cavern ascending,
A low sounding chime, as of sorrow and dole,
Some spirit unseen on the relic attending,
Thus sung the last strain of the warrior's soul:

" My country, farewell! for the days are expired
On which I could hallow the deeds of the free;
Thy heroes have all to new honours aspired,
They fight, but they fight not for Scotia nor me.
All lost is our sway, and the name of our nation
Is sunk in the name of our old mortal foe;
Then why should the lay of our last degradation
Be forced from the harp of old Ossian to flow?

" My country, farewell! for the murmurs of sorrow
Alone the dark mountains of Scotia become;
Her sons condescend from new models to borrow,
And voices of strangers prevail in the hum.
Before the smooth face of our Saxon invaders
Is quench'd the last ray in the eye of the free;
Then, oh! let me rest in the caves of my fathers,
Forgetful of them as forgetful of thee!"

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

A very different strain from the foregoing. I heard a girl lilting over the first line to my little daughter Maggy, and forthwith went in and made a song of it.—It is set to a lively old strain by Bishop, and is beginning to be a favourite.

O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?
There's no a heart in a' the glen
That disna dread the day.
O what will a' the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
A waefu' wight is he;
Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't,
An' laid him down to dee;

An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
And learnin' fast to pray.
And, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
Has drunk her health in wine;
The priest has said—in confidence—
The lassie was divine—
And that is mair in maiden's praise
Than ony priest should say:
But, O, what will the lads do
When Maggy gangs away?

The wailing in our green glen
That day will quaver high,
'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood,
The laverock frae the sky;
The fairies frae their beds o' dew
Will rise an' join the lay:
An' hey! what a day will be
When Maggy gangs away!

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

A YOUNG friend of mine, whom I greatly admired for every manly and amiable virtue, was cut off suddenly in the flower of his age, (Mr R—— A——n.) The next time that I visited the family, his parent's distress and expressions of fond remembrance affected me so deeply, that I composed the following verses in his character. I likewise composed an air for it, which I thought adapted to the words. It is finely set by Bishop, in his Select Melodies.

How can you bid this heart be blithe,
When blithe this heart can never be?
I've lost the jewel from my crown—
Look round our circle, and you'll see
That there is ane out o' the ring
Who never can forgotten be—
Ay, there's a blank at my right hand,
That ne'er can be made up to me!

'Tis said as water wears the rock,
That time wears out the deepest line;
It may be true wi' hearts enow,
But never can apply to mine.
For I have learn'd to know and feel—
Though losses should forgotten be—
That still the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!

I blame not Providence's sway,
For I have many joys beside,
And fain would I in grateful way
Enjoy the same, whate'er betide.
A mortal thing should ne'er repine,
But stoop to the Supreme decree;
Yet, oh! the blank at my right hand
Can never be made up to me!

THERE'S GOWD IN THE BREAST.

I HAVE forgot whether this is one of the proscribed ones or not; I think it is: but I have not Mr Moore's songs by me. It is set by Smith to a fine old Irish air, ycleped "The Red Fox;" but I know not if it is in existence, as these cancelled things are hard to come at.

THERE's gowd in the breast of the primrose pale,
An' siller in every blossom;
There's riches galore in the breeze of the vale,
And health in the wild wood's bosom.
Then come, my love, at the hour of joy,
When warbling birds sing o'er us:
Sweet nature for us has no alloy,
And the world is all before us.

The courtier joys in bustle and power,
The soldier in war-steeds bounding,
The miser in hoards of treasured ore,
The proud in their pomp surrounding:

But we hae yon heaven, sae bonny and blue,
And laverocks skimming out o'er us;
The breezes of health and the valleys of dew—
O the world is all before us!

WHY WEEPS YON HIGHLAND MAID?

This song was written to a cramp air sent me by Smith. It is, however, very beautiful and pathetic.

Why weeps yon Highland maid
Over the tartan plaid—
Is it a pledge of care,
Or are the blood drops there?
Tell me, thou hind of humble seeming,
Why the tears on her cheek are gleaming,
Why should the young and fair
Thus weep unpitied there?

Stranger, that Highland plaid
Low in the dust was laid;
He who the relic wore,
He is, alas! no more:
He and his loyal clan were trodden
Down by slaves on dark Culloden.

Well o'er a lover's pall,
Well may the teardrops fall!

Where now her clansman true,
Where is the bonnet blue,
Where the claymore that broke
Fearless through fire and smoke?
Not one gleam by glen or river,
It lies dropp'd from the hand for ever.
Stranger, our fate deplore,
Our ancient name's no more!

MY EMMA, MY DARLING.

I HAVE nothing to tell about this one at all; for I do not remember aught about it, save that I think it is in one of the Musical Bijous.

My Emma, my darling, from winter's domain
Let us fly to the glee of the city again,
Where a day never wakes but some joy it renews,
And a night never falls but that joy it pursues;
Where the dance is so light, and the hall is so bright,
And life whirls onward one round of delight.
Would we feel that we love and have spirits refined,
We must mix with the world, and enjoy humankind.

Mute nature is lovely in earth and in sky,
It cheers the lone heart and enlivens the eye;
But nowhere can beauty and dignity shine,
So as in the human face fair and divine.

'Mongst these could I love thee, and that love enjoy,
But, ah! in the wilderness fond love would cloy;
To the homes of our kindred our spirits must cling,
And away from their bosoms at last take their wing!

THE MERMAID'S SONG

Consists here only of the singing verses of a long ballad which I wrote many years ago, in the house of Mr Aitken, then living at Dunbar. The original ballad is to be found printed in some work, but where I know not. The air is my own, but I cannot boast much of it: it is rather humdrum. It was first arranged by young Gow, and latterly by Dewar, in Mr Purdie's edition of the Border Garland.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is thy night of sorrow;
Thy maiden of the mountain deep
Shall meet thee on the morrow.
But O, when shall that morrow be,
When my true love shall waken,
When shall we meet, refined and free,
Amid the moorland braken?

Full low and lonely is thy bed,
The worm even flies thy pillow;
Where now the lips, so comely red,
That kiss'd me 'neath the willow?
O, I must smile, and weep the while,
Amid my song of mourning,
At freaks of man in life's short span,
To which there's no returning.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Hope lingers o'er thy slumber;
What though thy years beneath the steep
Should all its flowers outnumber;
Though moons steal o'er, and seasons fly
On time-swift wing unstaying,
Yet there's a spirit in the sky,
That lives o'er thy decaying.

In domes beneath the water-springs
No end hath my sojourning;
And to this land of fading things
Far hence be my returning.

For all the spirits of the deep
Their long last leave are taking.—
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep
Till the last morn is breaking.

DONALD M'GILLAVRY

Was originally published in the Jacobite Relics, without any notice of its being an original composition; an omission which entrapped the Edinburgh Review into a high but unintentional compliment to the author. After reviewing the Relics in a style of most determined animosity, and protesting over and over again that I was devoid of all taste and discrimination, the tirade concluded in these terms: "That we may not close this article without a specimen of the good songs which the book contains, we shall select the one which, for sly, characteristic Scotch humour, seems to us the best, though we doubt if any of our English readers will relish it." The opportunity of retaliating upon the reviewer's want of sagacity was too tempting to be lost; and the authorship of the song was immediately avowed in a letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. "After all," said this avowal, "between ourselves, Donald M'Gillavry, which he has selected as the best specimen of the true old Jacobite song, and as remarkably above its fellows for 'sly, characteristic Scotch humour,' is no other than a trifle of my own, which I put in to fill up a page!"

I cannot help remarking here, that the Edinburgh Review seems to be at fault in a melancholy manner whenever it

comes to speak of Scottish songs. My friend Mr William Laidlaw's song of Lucy's Flitting appeared first in the Forest Minstrel, and immediately became popular throughout Scotland. It was inserted in every future selection of Scottish songs, and of course found a place in Allan Cunningham's collection. Here it is to be supposed the Edinburgh reviewer saw and heard of it for the first time; and, with some words of praise, he most condescendingly introduced it to public notice, after it had been sung and appreciated from the cottage to the palace for a space of nearly twenty years. This reminds me of an old gentleman, who, as he said, "always liked to have people known to each other;" so one day he made a party for the purpose of introducing two cousins who had been brought up under the same roof. The company took the matter with gravity, and the joke passed off very well at the old gentleman's expense.—For the air, see Jacobite Relics, vol. i.

DONALD's gane up the hill hard an' hungry,
Donald's come down the hill wild an' angry;
Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly;
Here's to the king an' Donald M'Gillavry!
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald M'Gillavry;
Balance them fair, an' balance them cleverly,
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald M'Gillavry!

Donald's come o'er the hill trailin' his tether, man,
As he war wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man;
When he gaes back, there's some will look merrily;
Here's to King James an' Donald M'Gillavry!
Come like a weaver, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald M'Gillavry;
Pack on your back an elwand o' steelary,
Gie them full measure, my Donald M'Gillavry!

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery,
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes an' beggary;
Better it war for whigs an' whiggery
Meeting the deevil than Donald M'Gillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald M'Gillavry;
Push about, in an' out, thimble them cleverly—
Here's to King James an' Donald M'Gillavry!

Donald's the callant that bruiks nae tangleness,
Whigging an' prigging an' a' newfangleness;
They maun be gane, he winna be baukit, man;
He maun hae justice, or rarely he'll tak it, man.

Come like a cobler, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like a cobler, Donald M'Gillavry;
Bore them, an' yerk them, an' lingel them cleverly—
Up wi' King James an' Donald M'Gillavry!

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery,
Donald was blindit wi' bladds o' property;
Arles ran high, but makings war naething, man;
Gudeness, how Donald is flyting an' fretting, man!
Come like the deevil, Donald M'Gillavry,
Come like the deevil, Donald M'Gillavry;
Skelp them an' scadd them pruved sae unbritherly—
Up wi' King James an' Donald M'Gillavry!

O'ER THE OCEAN BOUNDING

Is another of the proscription list; but here, let them turn the blue bonnet wha can. Our forefathers had *cried down* songs, which all men and women were strictly prohibited from singing, such as " O'er Boggie," and " The wee Cock Chicken," &c., because Auld Nick was a proficient at playing them on the pipes. The London people have done the same with a number of mine; but I hereby cry them up again, and request every good singer in Britain and Ireland, and the East Indies, to sing the following song with full birr to the sweet air, " Maid of the valley."—It was set by Smith, but the edition was burnt.

O'ER the ocean bounding,
Other lands surrounding,
Love, I will think of thee!
Though new skies me cover,
And other stars shine over,
Yet thou art still with me.

When, at morn or even,
Low I kneel to Heaven,
Be my sins forgiven
As my love shall be!
When my hopes are dearest,
And my soul sincerest,
Then I remember thee!

Thee, my soul's sole pleasure,
Thee, its dearest treasure,
Life, health, all to me.
All of land or ocean,
All a world's commotion,
Knits me the more to thee.
When new passions move me,
When I cease to love thee,
May the heavens above me,
Chasten my perfidy!
Even in woe and cumber,
Even in death's last slumber,
I will remember thee!

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

ALTERED from the original, at the request of a lady who sung it sweetly—and published in the Jacobite Relics.

'TWAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The Young Chevalier.
An' Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The Young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day;
I grat to see the lad come back
That had been lang away.
An' Charlie is my darling, &c.

Then ilka bonny lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our king shall hae his ain again,
An' Charlie is the man:
For Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Outower yon moory mountain,
An' down the craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing
But Charlie an' his men.
An' Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Our Highland hearts are true an' leal,
An' glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
An' Charlie he's our ain.
An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

IF E'ER I AM THINE

Was written to an Irish air, called "The Winding Sheet," and harmonized by Smith; but was, I believe, one of the suppressed ones.

If e'er I am thine, the birds of the air,
The beasts of the field, and fish of the sea,
Shall in our love and happiness share,
Within their elements fair and free,
And rejoice because I am thine, love.

We'll have no flowers, nor words of love,
Nor dreams of bliss that never can be;
Our trust shall be in Heaven above,
Our hope in a far futurity
Must arise, when I am made thine, love.

And this shall raise our thoughts more high
Than visions of vanity here below;
For chequer'd through life our path must lie,—
Mid gleams of joy and shades of woe
We must journey, when I am thine, love.

MEG O' MARLEY.

NORTH.

You were once so good as to flatter me, by saying that I ought to go into Parliament. Now, James, if you wish it, I'll bring you in.

SHEPHERD.

I haena the least ambition. Sae far frae envying the glory o' the orators i' that house, I wadna swap ane o' my ain wee bits o' sangs wi' the langest-windit speech that has been "Hear! hear'd!" this session.

TICKLER.

James, let us have Meg o' Marley.

SHEPHERD (*sings.*)

O KEN ye Meg o' Marley glen,
The bonny blue-eed dearie?

She's play'd the deil amang the men,
An' a' the land's grown eery
She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,
An' snool'd him wi' the shame o't;
The minister's fa'n through the text,
An' Meg gets a' the blame o't.

The ploughman ploughs without the sock;
The gadman whistles sparely;
The shepherd pines amang his flock,
An' turns his een to Marley;
The tailor lad's fa'n ower the bed;
The cobler ca's a parley;
The weaver's neb's out through the web,
An' a' for Meg o' Marley.

What's to be done, for our gudeman
Is flyting late an' early?
He rises but to curse an' ban,
An' sits down but to ferly.
But ne'er had love a brighter lowe
Than light his torches sparely

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At the bright een an' blithesome brow
O' bonny Meg o' Marley.

NORTH.

A simple matter, but well worth Joseph Hume's four hours' speech, and forty-seven resolutions.—NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, No. XXV.

BONNY MARY

Is one of the songs of my youth, and there are some good verses in it. It is much too long for singing. Should it turn a favourite with any one, three verses are easily selected. It is preserved in the Noctes, and was published long before, Gudeness kens where.

WHERE Yarrow rows amang the rocks,
An' wheels an' boils in mony a linn,
A brisk young shepherd fed his flocks,
Unused to wranglement or din;
But love its silken net had thrown
Around his breast, so brisk an' airy,
An' his blue eyes wi' moisture shone,
As thus he sang of bonny Mary.

O Mary, thou'rt sae mild and sweet,
My very being clings about thee;
This heart would rather cease to beat,
Than beat a lonely thing without thee.

I see thee in the evening beam—
A radiant, glorious apparition;
I see thee in the midnight dream,
By the dim light of heavenly vision!

When over Benger's haughty head
The morning breaks in streaks sae bonny,
I climb the mountain's velvet side,
For quiet rest I get nae ony.
How dear the lair on yon hill cheek,
Where many a weary hour I tarry,
For there I see the twisting reek
Rise frae the cot where dwells my Mary!

When Phœbus keeks outower the muir,
His gowden locks a' streaming gaily;
When Morn has breathed her fragrance pure,
An' life an' joy ring through the valley,
I drive my flocks to yonder brook—
The feeble in my arms I carry,
Then every lammie's harmless look
Brings to my mind my bonny Mary!

Oft has the lark sung ower my head,
And shook the dewdrops frae his wing,—
Oft hae my flocks forgot to feed,
An' round their shepherd form'd a ring.
Their looks condole the lee-lang day,
While mine are fix'd and never vary,
Aye turning down the westlin brae,
Where dwells my loved, my bonny Mary!

When gloaming, creeping west the lift,
Wraps in deep shadow dell and dingle,
An' lads an' lasses mak a shift
To raise some fun around the ingle,
Regardless o' the wind or rain,
Wi' cautious step and prospect wary,
I often trace the lonely glen
To steal a sight o' bonny Mary!

When midnight draws her curtain deep,
An' lays the breeze amang the bushes,
An' Yarrow in her sounding sweep,
By rock and ruin raves and rushes,

Though sunk in deep and quiet sleep,
My fancy wings her flight so airy,
To where sweet guardian spirits keep
Their watch around the couch of Mary!

The exile may forget his home
Where blooming youth to manhood grew;
The bee forget the honey-comb,
Nor with the spring his toil renew;
The sun may lose his light and heat,
The planets in their rounds miscarry,
But my fond heart shall cease to beat
When I forget my bonny Mary!

TICKLER.

Equal to any thing in Burns!

NORTH.

Not a better in all George Thomson's collection. Thank you, James—God bless you, James. Give me your hand. You're a most admirable fellow, and there's no end to your genius.

SHEPHERD.

A man may be sair mista'en about many things, sic as yepics, an' tragedies, an' tales, an' even lang set elegies about the death o' great public characters, an' hymns, an' odes, an' the like, but he canna be mista'en about a sang. As sune as it's down on the sclate, I ken whether it's gude, bad, or middlin'. If ony o' the twa last I dight it out wi' my elbow,—if the first, I copy it ower into writ, and then get it aff by heart, when it's as sure o' no being lost as it war engraven on a brass plate. For though I hae a treacherous memory about things in ordinar, a' my happy sangs will cleave to my heart till my dying day; an' I shouldna wonder gin I war to croon a verse or twa frae some o' them on my deathbed.—NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, No. XXVII.

THE LADIES' EVENING SONG

Was written long ago, for the singing of a young lady in a house where we drank very deep, rather too deep for me, though "it's no little that gars auld Donald pech." It is beautifully set by Bishop in Goulding and D'Almaine's Select Scottish Melodies, to an air something like Dumbarton Drums, if not indeed the very same.

O the glass is no for you,
Bonny laddie O!
The glass is no for you,
Bonny laddie O!
The glass is no for you,
For it dyes your manly brow,
An' it fills you roarin' fu',
Bonny laddie O!

Then drive us not away
Wi' your drinkin' O!
We like your presence mair
Than you're thinkin' o'.

How happy wad you be
In our blithesome companye,
Taking innocence and glee
For your drinking O!

Now your een are glancing bright,
Bonny laddie O!
Wi' a pure an' joyfu' light,
Bonny laddie O!
But at ten o'clock at night,
Take a lady's word in plight,
We will see another sight,
Bonny laddie O!

There's a right path an' a wrang,
Bonny laddie O!
An' you needna argue lang,
Bonny laddie O!
For the mair you taste an' see
O' our harmless companye,
Aye the happier you will be,
Bonny laddie O!

MARY, CANST THOU LEAVE ME?

Is finely set by Bishop to a melody of my own. I cannot aver that it is thoroughly my own; but if it is not, I know not where I heard it. But it is of no avail: since I think it is mine, it is equally the same as if it were so.

Mary, canst thou leave me?
Is there nought will move thee?
Dearest maid, believe me,
I but live to love thee.
When we two are parted,
When the seas us sever,
Still this heart, deserted,
Clings to thee for ever.
Days so dull and dreary,
Nights so mirk and eerie,
Is there nought can cheer me?
Never! my love, never!

Connal, cease to borrow
  Rueful words to chide me!
From this land of sorrow
  Haste, O, haste to hide thee!
Spirits round us hover,
  Breathing death and plunder;
But when this is over,
  Which we tremble under,
Then, dear youth, believe me,
Though this time I grieve thee,
Kindly I'll receive thee,
  Never more to sunder!

BLACK MARY

Was set by young Gow to a fine Gaelic air, called "Is fallain gun dith thainig thu;" but I have forgot where it is to be found. My songs, bad as many of them are, have been for these last thirty years published in newspapers and other periodicals over all Britain, and there is only one person alive who ever can collect them, Mr John Aitken, of the house of Constable and Co.

Mary is my only joy,
Mary is blithe, and Mary is coy,
Mary's the goud where there's nae alloy—
Though black, yet O she's bonny!
Her breath is the birken bower o' spring,
Her lips the young rose opening,
An' her hair is the hue o' the raven's wing,
She's black, but O she's bonny!

The star that gilds the e'ening sky,
Though bright its ray, may never vie
Wi' Mary's dark and liquid eye—
  Though black, yet O she's bonny!
In yon green wood there is a bower,
Where lies a bed of witching power;
Under that bed there blooms a flower,
  That steals the heart unwary.

O, there is a charm, and there is a spell,
That, O an' alack! I know too well;
A pang that the tongue may hardly tell,
  Though felt baith late an' early.
The beauteous flower beneath the tree,
The spell o' the wildest witcherye,
The goud an' the gear an' a' to me
  Is my black but bonny Mary!

LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS.

The following ridiculous song, which was written twenty-six years ago, has been so long a favourite with the country lads and lasses, that for their sakes I insert it, knowing very well they would be much disappointed at missing it out of this volume.—It is to the Irish air called "Paddy's Wedding."

I lately lived in quiet case,
An' never wish'd to marry, O!
But when I saw my Peggy's face,
I felt a sad quandary, O!
Though wild as ony Athol deer,
She has trepann'd me fairly, O!
Her cherry cheeks an' een sae clear
Torment me late an' early, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness!

To tell my feats this single week
Wad mak a daft-like diary, O!
I drave my cart outow'r a dike,
My horses in a miry, O!
I wear my stockings white an' blue,
My love's sae fierce an' fiery, O!
I drill the land that I should plough,
An' plough the drills entirely, O!
O, love, love, love! &c.

Ae morning, by the dawn o' day,
I rase to theek the stable, O!
I keust my coat, an' plied away
As fast as I was able, O!
I wrought that morning out an' out,
As I'd been redding fire, O!
When I had done an' look'd about,
Gudefaith, it was the byre, O!
O, love, love, love! &c.

Her wily glance I'll ne'er forget,
The dear, the lovely blinkin o't

Has pierced me through an' through the heart,
An' plagues me wi' the prinkling o't.
I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown't wi' drinkin' o't,
I tried wi' sport to drive't away,
But ne'er can sleep for thinkin' o't.
O, love, love, love! &c.

Nae man can tell what pains I prove,
Or how severe my pliskie, O!
I swear I'm sairer drunk wi' love
Than ever I was wi' whisky, O!
For love has raked me fore an' aft,
I scarce can lift a leggie, O!
I first grew dizzy, then gaed daft,
An' soon I'll dee for Peggy, O!
O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness!

O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.

THIS song was written at Ellery, Mr Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr Wilson and I had a Queen's Wake every wet day—a fair set-to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner, and, if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but perfectly ludicrous. Wilson, at that period, composed all his poetry, by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine fox-hound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations, they weakened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, "Gudefaith, it's a' ower wi' me for this day!" When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what

parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but he never could tell me.

There was another symptom. When we met at dinner-time, if Mr Wilson had not been successful in pleasing himself, he was desperate sulky for a while, though he never once missed brightening up, and making the most of the subject. I never saw better sport than we had in comparing these poems. How manfully each stood out for the merits of his own! But Mrs Wilson generally leaned to my side, nominally at least. I wrote the "Ode to Superstition" there, which, to give Mr Wilson justice, he approved of most unequivocally. He wrote "The Ship of the Desert" against it —a thing of far greater splendour, but exceedingly extravagant. I likewise wrote "The Stranger" and "Isabelle" there, both to be found in the Poetic Mirror; and I know some of the poems that Mr Wilson wrote against these too, if I were at liberty to tell. The one he wrote that day on which I composed the following song, was not a song, but a little poem in his best style. What with sailing, climbing the mountains, driving with Bob to all the fine scenery, dining with poets and great men, jymnastics (as Wilson spells it in the Noctes), and going to tell our friends that we were *not* coming to dine with them—these were halcyon days, which we shall never see again!

O, WEEL befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or penn,
An' weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen;

Wha loes the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel
Amang sae mony men.
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
Along the gloaming lea;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
Come pealing frae the tree;
To see the lambkin's lightsome race—
The speckled kid in wanton chase—
The young deer cower in lonely place,
Deep in her flowing den;
But sweeter far the bonny face
That smiles in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush
O' maiden's virgin flame,
Dear beauty never had been known,
An' never had a name;

But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modell'd by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons o' men;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinney in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
An' lace wi' burning goud the main—
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far my bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!

CAMERON'S WELCOME HAME.

THIS song was written to the Highland air bearing that name, and is harmonized by Smith in the sixth volume of the Scottish Minstrel.

O STRIKE your harp, my Mary,
Its loudest, liveliest key,
An' join the sounding correi
In its wild melody;
For burn, an' breeze, an' billow,
Their sangs are a' the same,
And every waving willow
Soughs "Cameron's welcome hame."

O list yon thrush, my Mary,
That warbles on the pine,
His strain, sae light an' airy,
Accords in joy wi' thine;

The lark that soars to heaven,
The sea-bird on the faem,
Are singing, frae morn till even,
Brave "Cameron's welcome hame."

D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,
When we hid in the tree,
An' saw our Auchnacarry
All flaming fearfully?
The fire was red, red glaring,
An' ruefu' was the scene,
An' aye you cried, despairing,
My father's ha's are gane!

I said, my ain dear Mary,
D'ye see yon cloud sae dun,
That sails aboon the carry,
An' hides the weary sun?
Behind yon curtain dreary,
Beyond, and far within,
There's Ane, my dear wee Mary,
Wha views this deadly sin.

He sees this waefu' reaving,
The rage o' dastard knave,
He saw our deeds of bravery,
And He'll reward the brave.
Though all we had was given
For loyalty an' faith,
I still had hopes that Heaven
Would right the hero's skaith.

The day is dawn'd in heaven
For which we a' thought lang;
The good, the just, is given
To right our nation's wrang.
My ain dear Auchnacarry,
I hae thought lang for thee;
O sing to your harp, my Mary,
An' sound its bonniest key!

OH-HON, OH RIGH!

Is a trivial song, written to a simple Gaelic air of a cross measure. It is harmonized by Smith.

Oh-hon, oh righ! there's something wanting,
Oh-hon, oh righ! I'm weary;
For nae young, blithe, or bonny lad
Comes o'er the knowe to cheer me.
When the day
Wears away,
Sad I look adown the valley;
Ilka sound
Wi' a stound
Sets my heart a-thrilling.

When I see the plover rising,
Or the curlew wheeling,
Then I trow some bonny lad
Is coming to my shieling.
Why should I
Sit and sigh,
While the greenwood blooms sae bonny?
Laverocks sing,
Flowerets spring—
A' but me are cheery.

My wee cot is blest and happy—
O 'tis neat and cleanly!
Sweet the brier that blooms beside
Kind the heart that's lanely!
Come away,
Dinna stay,
Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie
I hae now
Kid an' ewe,
Goud an' gear to gain ye.

THE FRAZER'S IN THE CORREI

Is one of those Jacobite things, relating to the persecuted state of the Highlanders after the slaughter at Culloden, of which I have written so many. The air is originally to be found in Captain Frazer's collection, but is well harmonized by Mr Dewar in the Border Garland, last edition.

"WHERE has your daddy gone, my little May?
Where has our lady been a' the lang day?
Saw you the red-coats rank on the ha' green?
Or heard you the horn on the mountain yestreen?"
"Auld carle greybeard, ye speer na at me,
Gae speer at the maiden that sits by the sea;
The red-coats were here, and it wasna for good,
For the raven's grown hoarse wi' the waughtin' o' blood.

"O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note,
The blood o' the Frazer's too hot for his throat;

I trow the black traitor's of Sassenach breed,
They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
When I was a baby, we call'd him in joke
The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock;
But now he's our mountain companion no more,
The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore."

"Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death?
The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in wrath;
He will not pick eye from a bonneted head,
Nor mar the loved form by the tartans that's clad.
But point me the cliff where the Frazer abides,
Where Foyers, Culduthel, and Gorthaleg hides;
There's danger at hand, I must speak with them soon,
And seek them alone by the light of the moon."

"Auld carle greybeard, a friend you should be,
For the truth's on your lip and the tear in your ee;
Then seek in yon correi, that sounds from the brae,
An' sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
I sought them last night with the haunch of the deer,
And deep in their cave they were hiding in fea

There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on the
rock.

" O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
Of those who are killing the gallant and great;
Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
And hunt their own prince like the deer or the roe?
I know it, auld carle, as sure as yon sun
Shines over our heads, that the deeds they have done
To those who are braver and better than they,
There's one in this world or the next will repay!"

YE BREEZES THAT SPRING

Has nothing to recommend it, save that it is set to an original air by Bishop, with very fine accompaniments.

Ye breezes that spring in some land unknown,
Or sleep on your clouds of the eider down,
Come over the mountain and over the dale,
More sweet than Arabia's spicy gale!
Come over the heath-flower's purple bloom,
And gather the birk's and the thyme's perfume!
For these are the sweets that bring no alloy
To dark Caledonia's mountain joy.

But O, thou breeze of the valley and hill!
Thou canst bring a richer offering still:
The kindly wish from the hall and the cot,
And the poor man's blessing, that's never forgot,

The shepherd's proud boast over every degree,
And the song of the maiden the dearest to me.
Come laden with these, thou breeze of the hill!
And the lay of the Minstrel shall hail thee still.

COME ROWE THE BOAT

Was written long ago to a boat-song that I heard in the Highlands, sung by the rowers. It is a short cross measure, —one of those to which it is impossible to compose good or flowing verses, but, when sung, is very sweet. It has since been set in modern style by Bishop. See Goulding and D'Almaine's Select Scottish Melodies.

Come rowe the boat, rowe the boat,
Ply to the pibroch's note,
Steer for yon lonely cot
O'er the wild main;
For there waits my dearie,
Both lonesome and eery,
And sorely she'll weary
To hear our bold strain.

Then rowe for her lover,
And play, boys, to move her,
The tide-stream is over,
And mild blows the gale.

I see her a-roaming
Like swan in the gloaming,
Or angel a-coming
Her Ronald to hail!

The deer of Ben-Aitley
Is comely and stately,
As tall and sedately
She looks o'er the dale
The sea-bird rides sprightly
O'er billows so lightly,
Or boldly and brightly
Floats high on the gale.

But O, my dear Mary,
What heart can compare thee
With aught in the valley,
The mountain, or tide?
All nature looks dreary
When thou art not near me,
But lovely and dearly
When thou'rt by my side.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL

Is one of those desperate Jacobite effusions, which, in the delirium of chivalry, I have so often poured out when contemplating the disinterested valour of the clans, and the beastly cruelty of their victors. It is a mercy that I live in a day when the genuine heir of the Stuarts fills their throne, else my head would only be a tenant at will of my shoulders. I have composed more national songs than all the bards of Britain put together. Many of them have never been published; more of them have been, under various names and pretences: but few of them shall ever be by me again.—The song is set by Smith, in the Scottish Minstrel.

O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread,
Or where shall I gae wander,
O where shall I gae hide my head,
For here I'll bide nae langer?
The seas may rowe, the winds may blow,
And swathe me round in danger,
But Scotland I maun now forego,
And roam a lonely stranger!

The glen that was my father's own,
Maun be by his forsaken;
The house that was my father's home
Is levell'd with the braken.
Oh hon! oh hon! our glory's gone,
Stole by a ruthless reaver—
Our hands are on the broad claymore,
But the might is broke for ever!

And thou, my Prince, my injured Prince,
Thy people have disown'd thee—
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
With ruined Chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young, hapless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer!
Strangers have trod thy glory on,
In guile and treachery stronger.

The brave and just sink in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver—
Heaven's pitying eye is closed on thee;
Adieu, adieu for ever!

A WITCH'S CHANT.

This is a most unearthly song, copied from an unearthly tragedy of my own, published anonymously with others, in two volumes, in 1817, by Messrs Longman and Co., and John Ballantyne. The title of the play is All-Hallow Eve. It was suggested to me by old Henry Mackenzie. After a short but intimate acquaintance, I threw it aside, and my eyes never fell upon it till this night, the last of November, 1830. The poetry of the play has astounded me. The following is but a flea-bite to some of it.

Thou art weary, weary, weary,
Thou art weary and far away,
Hear me, gentle spirit, hear me,
Come before the dawn of day.

I hear a small voice from the hill,
The vapour is deadly, pale, and still—
A murmuring sough is on the wood,
And the witching star is red as blood.

And in the cleft of heaven I scan
The giant form of a naked man,
His eye is like the burning brand,
And he holds a sword in his right hand.

All is not well. By dint of spell,
Somewhere between the heaven and hell
There is this night a wild deray,
The spirits have wander'd from their way.

The purple drops shall tinge the moon
As she wanders through the midnight noon;
And the dawning heaven shall all be red
With blood by guilty angels shed.

Be as it will, I have the skill
To work by good or work by ill;
Then here's for pain, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, worst of all.

Another chant, and then, and then,
Spirits shall come or Christian men—

Come from the earth, the air, or the sea,
Great Gil-Moules, I cry to thee!

Sleep'st thou, wakest thou, lord of the wind,
Mount thy steeds and gallop them blind;
And the long-tailed fiery dragon outfly,
The rocket of heaven, the bomb of the sky.

Over the dog-star, over the wain,
Over the cloud, and the rainbow's mane,
Over the mountain, and over the sea,
Haste—haste—haste to me!

Then here's for trouble, and here's for smart,
And here's for the pang that seeks the heart;
Here's for madness, and here's for thrall,
And here's for conscience, the worst of all!

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

THIS is likewise on the proscription list—a proscribed rebel against the sovereign authority of Mr Little the Great; but if I have trod too near the heels of his dignity, I am sure it was through no ill intention. The verses were once harmonized by Smith to an Irish air called "The Twisting of the Rope."

How dear to me the hour when daylight springs,
And sheds new glories on the opening view,
When westward far the towering mountain flings
His shadow, fringed with rainbows on the dew,
And the love-waken'd lark enraptured springs
To heaven's own gate, his carols to renew!

In every flowering shrub then life is new,
As opening on the sun its gladsome eye;
So is life's morning—blithely we pursue
Hope's gilded rainbow of the heavenly dye,
Till worn and weary we our travel rue,
And in life's cheerless gloaming yearn and die!

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

A Jacobite song, suggested by the name of the air. To be found in the Scottish Minstrel.

Long have I pined for thee,
Land of my infancy,
Now will I kneel on thee,
Hill of Lochiel!
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
I love thee well!

When in my youthful prime,
Correi or crag to climb,
Or tow'ring cliff sublime,
Was my delight;

Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

Then rose a bolder game,—
Young Charlie Stuart came,
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be!
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Till we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery!

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam
Quench'd; in fair freedom's beam
No more to shine!
Then was the morning's brow
Red with the fiery glow;
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
Hill of Lochiel!

THE FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND

Was written to the popular air of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," at the request of a most beautiful young lady, who sung it particularly well. But several years afterwards I heard her still singing the old ridiculous words, which really, like the song of the whilly-whawp, "is ane shame till heirre." I never thought her so bonny afterwards; but neither she was.

What are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel?
The lovely flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel!
The thistle's purple bonnet,
And bonny heather bell,
O they're the flowers of Scotland
All others that excel!

Though England eyes her roses,
With pride she'll ne'er forego,
The rose has oft been trodden
By foot of haughty foe;

But the thistle in her bonnet blue,
Still nods outow'r the fell,
And dares the proudest foeman
To tread the heather bell.

For the wee bit leaf o' Ireland,
Alack and well-a-day!
For ilka hand is free to pu'
An' steal the gem away:
But the thistle in her bonnet blue
Still bobs aboon them a';
At her the bravest darena blink,
Or gie his mou a thraw.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,
The emblems o' the free,
Their guardians for a thousand years,
Their guardians still we'll be.
A foe had better brave the deil
Within his reeky cell,
Than our thistle's purple bonnet,
Or bonny heather bell.

THE BONNY LASS OF DELORAINE

Was written on one of the flowers of the Forest nearly thirty years ago. There were two very lovely sisters of the family, and I never said to any one which was meant, hoping that each would take the compliment to herself in good part. But now, when both of them have children ready either to make songs, or have songs made of them, I must confess it was Elizabeth—Mrs W. B. Shaw.—It has never been set to music.

Still must my pipe lie idle by,
And worldly cares my mind annoy?
Again its softest notes I'll try,
So dear a theme can never cloy.
Last time my mountain harp I strung,
'Twas she inspired the simple strain,
That lovely flower so sweet and young,
The bonny lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
Around her ruddy lips that blow,
The flower that in her bosom dies,
Or grass that bends beneath her toe!
Her cheek's endued with powers at will
The rose's richest shade to drain,
Her eyes what soft enchantments fill,
The bonny lass of Deloraine.

Let Athole boast her birchen bowers,
And Windermere her woodlands green,
And Lomond of her lofty shores—
Wild Ettrick boasts a blither scene;
For there the evening twilight swells
With many a wild and melting strain,
And there the pride of beauty dwells,
The bonny lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
And round her brows may honour twine,
And Heaven preserve that bosom's peace,
Where meekness, love, and duty join.

But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
And all her griefs shall give me pain,
For never from my soul shall part
The bonny lass of Deloraine.

THE TWO MEN OF COLSTON;

OR,

THE TRUE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

Returning to my old friends the Jacobites again, I venture to present my readers with three pretended Cumberland ones, which I introduced in an old Magazine as follows:—"Two Scotsmen come to a poor widow's house in Cumberland, in search of old songs, having heard that she was in possession of some. She tells them that she has plenty, but that they were all written by her *brwother Twommy*, and proceeds to say, 'Whoy, didst thou neaver heaur of Twommy? I thowt all Cooamberland had knwoan brwother Twommy. Him wos a swart oof, a keynd of a dwomony, whoy had mwore lear nwor wot to guyde it; and they ca'd him the leympyng dwomony, for heym wos a creypple all the days of heym's layfe. A swort of a treyfling nicky-nacky bwody he wos, and neiver had the pooar to dey a gude turn eyther to the sel o' heym, or wony yan belaunged till heym. Aweel, thou'lt no hender Twommy, but he'll patch up a' the feyne ould sangs i' the weyde warld, and get them prentit in a beuk. And sae, efter he had spent the meast pairt o' him's leyfe gathering and penning, he gyangs his ways to Caril, whoy but he, to maik a greyt for-

tune. Whew! the prenter woad neaver look at noyther heym nor his lawlyess syangs. Twommy was very crwoss than, and off he sets wey them crippling all the way till Edinborough, and he woffers them till a measter prenter for a greyte swom of mwoney. Ney, he would nae byite! Then he woffers them till anwother measter prenter. He wos reather better, for he woffered Twommy a beuk o' prented syangs for his wretten yans. 'Wow, Twommy, man!' quoth I, 'but thou wast a great feul no till chap him, for then thou wadst hae had a beuk that every body could heave read, wheyras thou hast now neything but a batch o' scrawls, that nay body can read but the sell o' thee.' Twommy brought heame his beuk o' grand syangs yance myair; but at last there cwoms a Scots chap to Caril, speering after ooar Twommy's syangs, and then, peur man, he was up as heyly as the wund, expecting to pouch the hale mony o' the keuntrey. But afore the Scots gentleman came back, there cwomes anwother visitor, by the bye, and that was Mr Palsy, and he teuk off peur Twommy leyke the shot of a gun, and then all his grand schemes war gyane leyke a blast o' wunn. The syangs are all to the fore, and for ney euse, that I can sey, but meaking sloughs to the wheeal spindle.'—Of course, the three following Jacobite ballads are extracted from 'Twommy's beuk.'"

"Whoy, Josey mon, where be'st thou gwoing
Woth all thyne own horses and keye,
With thy pocks on thy back, leyke a pether,
And bearnies and baggage forby?"

" Whoy, dom it, mun, wost thou nwot hearing
Of all the bwad news that are out,
How that the Scwots rascals be cwoming
To reave all our yauds and our nout?

" So I's e'en gwoing up to the muirlands,
Amang the weyld floshes to heyde,
With all my heall haudding and gyetting,
For fear that the worst should betyde.
Lword, mon! hast thou neaver been hearing,
There's noughts bwot the deavil to pay,
There's a Pwope cwoming down fro' the Heylands,
To herry, to bworn, and to slay?

" He has mwore nor ten thwosand meale weyming,
The fearswomest creatures of all,
They call them Rebellioners—dom them!
And cannie-bulls swome do them call.
Whoy, mon, they eat Chreastians lyke robbits,
And bworn all the chworches for fwon;
And we're all to be mwordered togyther,
Fro' the bearn to the keyng on the thrwone.

" Whoy, our keyng he sends out a greyt general,
With all his whole army, nwo less;
And what dwoes this Pwope and his menzie?
Whoy, Twommy mon, feath thou'lt nwot guess?
Whoy, they fwalls all a-rworing and yelling,
Leyke a pack of mad hounds were their gowls;
And they cwomes wopen-mouth on our swodgers,
And eats them wop, bwodies and sowls!

" Whoy, Heaster, what deavel's thou dwoing?
Come, caw up the yaud woth the cart;
Let us heaste out to Bwarton's weyld shieling,
For my bloud it runs could at my heart.
So fare thee weal, Twommy—I's crying—
Commend me to Mwoll and thyne wyfe;
If thou see'st oughts of Jwhony's wee Meary,
Lword, tell her to rwon for her lyfe!"

" Whoy, Josey mon, surely thou'st raving,
Thou'st heard the wrong seyd of the treuth;
For this is THE TRUE KEYNG that's cwoming,
A brave and mwoch-wrong'd rwoyal yeuth.

Thou's ignorant as the yaud that thou reyd'st on,
Or cauve that thou dreyv'st out to the lwone;
For this Pwope is the Prince Charles Stuart,
And he's cwome bwot to clayme what's his own.

" His feythers have held this ould keyngdom
For a meatter of ten thowsand years,
Till there cwomes a bit dwom'd scrwogy bwody,
A theyvish ould rascal, I hears;
And he's stown the brave honest lad's crown fro'm,
And kick'd him out of house and hould,
And rewin'd us all with taxations,
And hang'd up the brave and the bwold.

" Now, Josey mon, how wod'st thou lyke it,
If swome crabbit, half-wotted lown
Should cwome and seize on they bit haudding,
And droyve thee fro' all that's theyne own?
And, Josey mon, how wod'st thou lyke it,
If thou in theyne freands had swome hwope,
If they should all tworn their backs on thee,
And call thee a thief and a Pwope?"

" Whoy, Heaster, where deavil's thou gwoing,
Thou'lt droyve the ould creature to dead;
Hould still the cart till I conseyder,—
Gyang, take the ould yaud bee the head.
Whoy, Twommy mon, what wast thou saying?
Cwome, say't all again without feal;
If thou'lt swear unto all thou hast tould me,
I've had the wrong sow bee the teal."

" I'll swear unto all I has tould thee,
That this is our TRUE SOVEREIGN KEYNG;
There never was house so ill gueydit,
And bee swuch a dwort of a theyng."
" Bwot what of the cannie-bulls, Twommy?
That's reyther a doubtful concern;
The thoughts of these hworrid meale weeyming
Make me tremble for Heaster and bearn?"

" They're the clans of the Nworth, honest Josey,
As brave men as ever had breath;
They've ta'en the hard seyde of the quorrel,
To stand by the reyght until death.

They have left all their feythers and mwothers,
Their weyves and their sweethearts and all,
And their heames, and their dear little bearnies,
With their true prince to stand or to fall."

"Oh, Gwod bless their sowls, honest fellows!
Lword, Twommy! I's crying like mad!
I dwont know at all what's the matter,
But 'tis summat of that rwoyal lad.
Hoy, Heaster! thou fusionless hussey,
Tworn back the yaud's head towards heame;
Get wop on the twop of the panniels,
And dreyve back the rwod that thou keame.

"Now, Twommy, I's dwone leyke mee betters,
I's changed seydes, and sey let that stand,
And, mwore than mwost gentles can say for,
I've changed both with heart and with hand;
And, since this lad is OUR TRUE SOVERING,
I'll geave him all that I possess,
And I'll feyght for him too, should he need it,—
Can any true swobject do less?"

" Now geave me theyne hand, honest Josey,
That's spoke lyke a true Englishman;
He needs but a pleyne honest stworey,
And he'll dwo what's reyght if he can.
Cwome thou down to ould Nanny Cworbats,
I'll give thee a quart of good brown,
And we'll dreynk to the health of Prince Charles,
And every true man to his own."

RED CLAN-RANALD'S MEN

Is likewise a pretended transcript from the "Dwomony's beuk," and relates to the skirmish on Clifton Moor, on the 18th of December, 1745, where a party of M'Donalds, left to guard the baggage, so gallantly repulsed two regiments of cavalry, killing one hundred and fifty of them, and wounding more, while the Highlanders lost only twenty-four in all.

THERE'S news—news—gallant news,
That Caril disna ken, joe;
There's gallant news of tartan trews,
And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.
There has been blinking on the bent,
And slashing on the fell, joe;
The red-coat sparks hae got their yerks,
But Caril darena tell, joe.

The prig dragoons they swore by 'zoons
The rebels' hides to tan, joe;
But when they fand the Highland brand,
They funkit and they ran, joe.

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And had the frumpy frowardDuke,
Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
But met our Charlie hand to hand,
In a' his Highland gear, joe;

Had English might stood by the right,
As they did vaunt fu' vain, joe,
Or played the parts of Highland hearts,
The day was a' our ain, joe.
We darena say the right's the right,
Though weel the right we ken, joe;
But we dare think, and take a drink
To red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.

Afore I saw our rightfu' prince
Frae foreign foggies flee, joe,
I'd lend a hand at Cumberland
To rowe it in the sea, joe.
Come fill a cup, and fill it up,
We'll drink the toast ye ken, joe,
And add, beside, the Highland plaid,
And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.

We'll drink to Athole's gallant band,
To Cluny of the Glen, joe,
To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe;
And cry our news—our gallant news,
That Caril disna ken, joe,
Our gallant news of tartan trews,
And red Clan-Ranald's men, joe.

UP AN' RIN AWA', GEORDIE.

It is a pity that we cannot father this on the ideal "Dwomony" altogether. However, it is not just so bad when considered that it is an answer to a Whig song of 1746, beginning, "Up an' rin awa', Charlie," &c.

Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
For feint a stand in Cumberland
Your troops can mak ava, Geordie.
Your bauld militia are in qualms,
In ague fits an' a', Geordie,
And auntie Wade, wi' pick an' spade,
Is delving through the snaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

The lads o' Westmoreland came up,
An' wow but they were braw, Geordie,
But took the spavie in their houghs,
An' limpit fast awa', Geordie.

O had ye seen them at their posts,
Wi' backs against the wa', Geordie,
Ye wad hae thought—It matters not—
Flee over seas awa', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

These Highland dogs, wi' hose an' brogs,
They dree nae cauld at a', Geordie;
Their hides are tann'd like Kendal bend,
An' proof to frost an' snaw, Geordie.
They dive like moudies in the yird,
Like squirrels mount a wa', Geordie;
An' auld Carlisle, baith tower an' pile,
Has got a waesome fa', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

Brave Sir John Pennington is fled,
An' Doctor Waugh an' a', Geordie;
And Humphrey Stenhouse he is lost,
And Aeron-bank's but raw, Geordie.
And Andrew Pattison's laid bye,
The prince of provosts a', Geordie;

'Tis hard to thole, for gallant soul
His frostit thumbs to blaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

Prince Charlie Stuart's ta'en the road,
As fast as he can ca', Geordie,
The drones to drive frae out the hive,
An' banish foreign law, Geordie.
He's o'er the Mersey, horse an' foot,
An' braid claymores an' a', Geordie;
An' awsome forks, an' Highland durks,
An' thae's the warst of a', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

I canna tell, ye ken yoursell,
Your faith, an' trust, an' a', Geordie;
But 'tis o'er true your cause looks blue,
'Tis best to pack awa', Geordie.
An' ye maun tak your foreign bike,
Your Turks, an' queans, an' a', Geordie,
To pluff an' trig your braw new wig,
An' your daft pow to claw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

There's ae thing I had maist forgot,
Perhaps there may be twa, Geordie:
Indite us back, when ye gang hame,
How they received you a', Geordie.
An' tell us how the langkail thrive,
An' how the turnips raw, Geordie;
An' how the seybos an' the leeks
Are brairding through the snaw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

That Hanover's a dainty place,
It suits you to a straw, Geordie;
Where ane may tame a buxom dame,
An' chain her to a wa', Geordie.
An' there a man may burn his cap,
His hat, an' wig, an' a', Geordie;
They're a' sae daft, your scanty wits
Will ne'er be miss'd ava, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

You've lost the land o' cakes an' weir,
Auld Caledonia, Geordie;

Where fient a stand in a' the land,
Your Whigs can mak ava, Geordie.
Then tak leg-bail, an' fare-ye-weel,
Your motley group an' a', Geordie;
There's mony a ane has rued the day
That ye cam here ava, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
Up an' rin awa', Geordie,
For fient a stand in all England
Your Whigs dare mak ava, Geordie!

MY LOVE'S BONNY

Is sung by the country people to a fine ballad air, but has never been set to music. It is introduced in character in one of my printed dramas, but I have forgot which, and cannot find it.

My love's bonny as bonny can be,
My love's blithe as the bird on the tree;
But I like my bonny lass, an' she loes me,
An' we'll meet by our bower in the morning.
O, how I will cling unto my love's side,
And I will kiss my bonny, bonny bride;
And I'll whisper a vow, whatever betide,
To my little flower in the morning.

Her breath is as sweet as the fragrant shower
Of dew that is blawn frae the rowan-tree flower;
Oh! never were the sweets of vernal bower,
Like my love's cheek in the morning.

Her eye is the blue-bell of the spring,
Her hair is the blackbird's bonny wing;
To her dear side, oh! how I'll cling,
On our greenwood walk in the morning.

THE GLOAMIN'

Is one of my very earliest songs. The futile efforts of an untutored muse to reach the true pathetic are quite palpable, and bordering on the ridiculous.—It has never been set to music.

THE gloamin' frae the welkin high
Had chased the bonny gouden gleam;
The curtain'd east, in crimson die,
Lay mirror'd on the tinted stream;
The wild-rose, blushing on the brier,
Was set wi' draps o' pearly dew,
As full and clear the bursting tear
That row'd in Ellen's een o' blue.

She saw the dear, the little cot,
Where fifteen years flew sweetly by,
An' sair she wail'd the hapless lot
That forced her frae that hame to fly.

Though blithe an' mild the e'ening smiled,
Her heart was rent wi' anguish keen;
The mavis ceased his music wild,
And wonder'd what her plaint could mean.

A fringe was round the orient drawn,
A mourning veil it seem'd to be;
The star o' love look'd pale and wan,
As if the tear were in her ee.
The dowy dell, the greenwood tree,
With all their inmates, seem'd to mourn;
Sweet Ellen's tears they doughtna see,
Departing never to return.

Alas! her grief could not be spoke,
There were no words to give it name;
Her aged parents' hearts were broke,
Her brow imbued with burning shame.
That hame could she ne'er enter mair,
Ilk honour'd face in tears to see,
Where she so oft had join'd the prayer
Pour'd frae the heart so fervently.

Ah, no! the die was foully cast,
Her fondest earthly hope was gone;
Her soul had brooded o'er the past,
Till pale despair remain'd alone.
Her heart abused, her love misused,
Her parents drooping to the tomb,
Weeping, she fled to desert bed,
To perish in its ample dome.

LIDDEL BOWER,

A BALLAD,

Was written for Albyn's Anthology, where it appeared to an old Border air of one part, which Mr Campbell had picked up. I have an impression that the ballad was founded on some published legend, but where it is to be found I have quite forgot.

" O will you walk the wood, ladye,
Or will you walk the lea,
Or will ye gae to the Liddel bower,
An' rest a while wi' me ?"
" The dew lies in the wood, Douglas,
The wind blaws on the lea,
An' when I gae to the Liddel bower,
It shall not be wi' thee."

" The stag bells on my hills, ladye,
The hart but an the hind,
My flocks spread o'er the Border dales,
My steeds outstrip the wind.
At ae blast o' my bugle-horn
A thousand tend my ca';
With Douglas at the Liddel bower,
No ill can thee befa'.

" D'ye mind when in that lonely bower
Meeting at eventide,
I kiss'd your young and rosy lips,
An' woo'd you for my bride?
I saw the blush break on your cheek,
The tear stand in your ee;
O could I ween, fair Lady Jane!
That then y e loed nae me?"

" But sair, sair hae I rued that day,
An' sairer yet may rue!
Ye thought nae on my maiden love,
Nor yet my rosy hue.

Ye thought nae on my bridal bed,
Nae vow nor tear o' mine—
Ye thought upon the lands o' Nith,
And how they might be thine.

"Away, ye cruel fause leman!
Nae mair my bosom wring;
There is a bird into yon bower,
O gin ye heard it sing!"
"Lady, beware! Some words there are
That secrets may betray—
No utterance gives them to the air—
What dares your wee bird say?"

"It hirples on the bough, and sings,
'O wae's me, dame, for thee!
An' wae's me for the comely knight
That sleeps beneath the tree!
His cheek is on the cauld, cauld clay,
Nae belt or brand has he;
His blood is on a kinsman's spear—
O wae's me, dame, for thee!'"

" My yeomen line the wood, ladye,
My steed stands at the tree,
An' you maun dree a dulefu' weird,
Or mount an' ride wi' me."
What gars Caerlaverock yeomen ride
Sae fast in belt and steel?
What gars the Jardine mount his steed,
An' scour o'er moor and dale?

The Johnstones, with an hundred strong,
Have pass'd the sands o' Dryfe,
As if some treasure they had lost
That dearer was than life.
Why seek they up by Liddel bower,
And down by Tarras linn?
The heiress of the lands of Nith
Is lost to all her kin.

O lang, lang may her mother greet,
Down by the salt sea-faem;
An' lang, lang may the Maxwells look,
Afore their bride come hame.

And lang may every Douglas rue,
An' ban the deed for aye—
That deed was done at Liddel bower,
About the break of day.

AULD ETTRICK JOHN.

This, and the four songs that follow, are all compositions of my early youth, made for the sphere around the cottage hearth and the farmer's kitchen-ingle, without the most distant prospect of any higher distinction. Therefore, with all the hankerings of early youth, even in my own estimation they are below par in poetical merit, and ought not to have been here. But they have been such general favourites among the class for which they were framed, for the last thirty years, that to them the leaving out of these songs would make a petrifying blank; it would be like a parent denying the first of his offspring. For the sakes, therefore, of the shepherds, cottagers, and rosy servant maids, these homely songs are preserved, while scores of more polished ones are left out; for nothing can be more satiating than a whole volume of songs all of the same grade.

There dwalt a man on Ettrick side,
An honest man I wat was he,
His name was John, an' he was born
A year afore the thretty-three.

He wed a wife when he was young,
But she had dee'd, and John was wae;
He wantit lang, at length did gang
To court Nell Brunton o' the Brae.

Auld John cam daddin' down the hill,
His arm was waggin' manfullye,
He thought his shadow look'd nae ill,
As aft he keek'd aside to see;
His shoon war four punds weight a-piece,
On ilka leg a ho had he,
His doublet strang was large an' lang,
His breeks they hardly reach'd his knee;

His coat was thread about wi' green,
The moths had wrought it muckle harm,
The pouches war an ell atween,
The cuff was fauldit up the arm;
He wore a bonnet on his head,
The bung upon his shoulders lay,
An' by its neb ye wad hae read
That Johnnie view'd the milky way:

For Johnnie to himsell he said,
As he came duntin' down the brae,
" A wooer ne'er should hing his head,
But blink the breeze an' brow the day;"
An' Johnnie said unto himsell,
" A wooer risks nae broken banes;
I'll tell the lassie sic a tale
Will gar her look twa gates at anes."

But yet, for a' his antic dress,
His cheeks wi' healthy red did glow;
His joints war knit and firm like brass,
Though siller-grey his head did grow.
An' John, although he had nae lands,
Had twa gude kie amang the knowes;
A hunder punds in honest hands,
An' sax-an-thretty doddit yowes.

An' Nelly was a sonsy lass,
Fu' ripe an' ruddy was her mou',
Her een war like twa beads o' glass,
Her brow was white like Cheviot woo;

Her cheeks were bright as heather-bells,
Her bosom like December snaw,
Her teeth war whiter nor egg-shells,
Her hair was like the hoody craw.

John crackit o' his bob-tail'd yowes;
He crackit o' his good milk-kie,
His kebbucks, hams, an' cogs o' brose,
An' siller out at trust forby;
An' aye he show'd his boordly limb,
As bragging o' his feats sae rare,
An' a' the honours paid to him
At kirk, at market, or at fair.

Wi' sicklike say he wan the day,
Nell soon became his dashin' bride;
But ilka joy soon fled away
Frae Johnnie's canty ingle side;
For there was fretting late an' air,
An' something aye a-wanting still,
The saucy taunt an' bitter jeer—
Now, sic a life does unco ill.

An' John will be a gaishen soon;
His teeth are frae their sockets flown;
The hair's peel'd aff his head aboon;
His face is milk-an'-water grown;
His legs, that firm like pillars stood,
Are now grown toom an' unco sma';
She's reaved him sair o' flesh an' blood,
An' peace o' mind, the warst of a'.

May ilka lassie understand
In time the duties of a wife;
But youth wi' youth gae hand in hand,
Or tine the sweetest joys o' life.
Ye men whase heads are turning grey,
Wha to the grave are hastin' on,
Let reason a' your passions sway,
An' mind the fate o' Ettrick John.

Ye lasses, lightsome, blithe, an' fair,
Let pure affection win the hand;
Ne'er stoop to lead a life o' care
Wi' doited age, for gear or land.

When ilka lad your beauty slights,
An' ilka blush is broke wi' wae,
Ye'll mind the lang an' lanesome nights
O' Nell, the lassie o' the Brae.

DOCTOR MONROE.

"Dear Doctor, be clever, an' fling aff your beaver,
Come, bleed me an' blister me, dinna be slow;
I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my prospects are blasted,
An' a' driven heels o'er head, Doctor Monroe!"
"Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;
Pray, what's the misfortune that troubles you so?"
"O, Doctor! I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd for ever—
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monroe!

"I meant to have married, an' tasted the pleasures,
The sweets, the enjoyments from wedlock that flow;
But she's ta'en another, an' broken my measures,
An' fairly dumfounder'd me, Doctor Monroe!
I am fool'd, I am dover'd as dead as a herring—
Good sir, you're a man of compassion, I know;
Come, bleed me to death, then, unflinching, unerring,
Or grant me some poison, dear Doctor Monroe!"

The Doctor he flang aff his big-coat an' beaver,
He took out his lance, an' he sharpen'd it so;
No judge ever look'd more decided or graver—
"I've oft done the same, sir," says Doctor Monroe,
"For gamblers, rogues, jockeys, and desperate lovers,
But I always make charge of a hundred, or so."
The patient look'd pale, and cried out in shrill quavers,
"The devil! do you say so, sir, Doctor Monroe?"

"O yes, sir, I'm sorry there's nothing more common;
I like it—it pays—but, ere that length I go,
A man that goes mad for the love of a woman
I sometimes can cure with a lecture, or so."
"Why, thank you, sir; there spoke the man and the friend too;
Death is the last reckoner with friend or with foe,
The lecture then, first, if you please, I'll attend to;
The other, of course, you know, Doctor Monroe."

The lecture is said—How severe, keen, an' cutting,
Of love an' of wedlock, each loss an' each woe,

The patient got up—o'er the floor he went strutting,
Smiled, caper'd, an' shook hands with Doctor Monroe.
He dresses, an' flaunts it with Bell, Sue, an' Chirsty,
But freedom an' fun chooses not to forego;
He still lives a bachelor, drinks when he's thirsty,
An' sings like a lark, an' loves Doctor Monroe!

SING ON, SING ON, MY BONNY BIRD.

Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen, O,
When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,
I met my bonny Jean, O!
My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,
My hair begoud to steer, O;
My heart play'd deep against my breast,
When I beheld my dear, O!

O weel's me on my happy lot,
O weel's me o' my dearie,
O weel's me o' the charming spot
Where a' combined to cheer me!
The mavis liltit on the bush,
The laverock o'er the green, O,
The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,
But a' war nought to Jean, O!

Sing on, sing on, my bonny thrush,
Be nouther fley'd nor eerie;
I'll wad your love sits in the bush,
That gars ye sing sae cheerie.
She may be kind, she may be sweet,
She may be neat an' clean, O,
But O, she's but a drysome mate
Compared wi' bonny Jean, O!

If love wad open a' her stores,
An' a' her blooming treasures,
An' bid me rise, an' turn an' choose,
An' taste her chiefest pleasures,
My choice wad be the rosy cheek,
The modest beaming eye, O;
The auburn hair, the bosom fair,
The lips o' coral dye, O!

A bramble shade around our head,
A burnie popplin by, O;
Our bed the sward, our sheet the plaid,
Our canopy the sky, O!

An' here's the burn, an' there's the bush,
Around the flowery green, O;
An' this the plaid—an' sure the lass
Wad be my bonny Jean, O!

Hear me, thou bonny modest moon,
Ye sternies, twinklin' high, O,
An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,
That roam athwart the sky, O!
Ye see me gratefu' for the past,
Ye saw me blest yestreen, O,
An' ever till I breathe my last,
Ye'll see me true to Jean, O!

JOCK AN' HIS MOTHER.

AIR—"*Jackson's cog i' the morning.*"

"Now, mother, since a' our fine lasses ye saw
Yestreen at the wedding, sae trig an' sae braw,
Say, isna my Peggy the flower o' them a',
Our dance an' our party adorning?
Her form is sae fair, an' her features sae fine,
Her cheek like the lily anointit wi' wine,
The beam o' her bonny blue ee does outshine
The starn that appears i' the morning."

"Away, ye poor booby! your skeel is but sma',
Gin ye marry Peggy ye'll ruin us a';
She lives like a lady, an' dresses as braw,
But how will she rise i' the morning?

She'll lie in her bed till eleven, while ye
Maun rise an' prepare her her toast an' her tea;
Her frien's will be angry an' send ye to sea,
Dear Jock, tak a thought an' some warning."

" O, mother, sic beauty I canna forego,
I've sworn I will have her, come weel or come woe,
An' that wad be perjury black as a crow
To leave her an' think of another."
" An' if you should wed her, your prospects are fine,
In meal-pocks and rags you will instantly shine;
Gae break your mad vow, an' the sin shall be mine—
O pity yoursell an' your mother!"

" I'm sure my dear Peggy is lovely as May,
An' I saw her father this very same day,
An' tauld him I was for his daughter away."
" Sure, Jock, he wad tak it for scorning?"
" He said he wad gie me a horse an' a cow,
A hunder good yowes, an' a pack o' his woo,
To stock the bit farm at the back o' the brow,
An' gie Maggy wark i' the morning."

"Your Peggy is bonny, I weel maun allow,
An' really 'tis dangerous breakin' a vow;
Then tak her—my blessing on Peggy an' you
Shall tarry baith e'ening an' morning."
So Jock an' his Peggy in wedlock were bound,
The bridal was merry, the music did sound,
They went to their bed, while the glass it gaed round,
An' a' wished them joy i' the morning.

ON ETTRICK CLEAR.

On Ettrick clear there blooms a brier,
An' mony a bonny budding shaw,
But Peggy's grown the fairest flower
The braes o' Ettrick ever saw.
Her cheek is like the woodland rose,
Her ee the violet set wi' dew;
The lily's fair without compare,
Yet in her bosom tines its hue.

Had I as muckle gowd an' gear
As I could lift unto my knee,
Nae ither lass but Peggy dear
Should ever be a bride to me.
O she's blithe, an' O she's cheerie,
O she's bonny, frank, an' free:
The sternies bright nae dewy night
Could ever beam like Peggy's ee.

Had I her hame at my wee house,
That stands aneath yon mountain green,
To help me wi' the kie an' yowes,
An' meet me on the brae at e'en,
O sae blithe, an' O sae cheerie,
O sae happy we wad be;
The lammie to the yowe is dear,
But Peggy's dearer far to me.

But I may sigh an' stand abigh,
An' greet till I tine baith my een;
For Peggy's dorty, dink, an' shy,
An' disna mind my love a preen.
O I'm sad, an' O I'm sorry,
Sad an' sorry may I be;
I will be sick, an' very sick,
—But I'll be unco sweer to dee.

ATHOL CUMMERS.

I MUST add one other of the same quality, for two, with me, potent reasons.

1st, The song was composed at the request of a beloved parent. I remember it well. One evening in the winter of 1800, I was sawing away on the fiddle with great energy and elevation, and having executed the strathspey called Athol Cummers, much to my own satisfaction, my mother said to me, "Dear Jimmie, are there ony words to that tune?"—"No that ever I heard, mother."—"O man, it's a shame to hear sic a good tune an' nae words till't. Gae away ben the house, like a good lad, and mak' me a verse till't." The request was instantly complied with.

2d, It was a great favourite with my kind friend, Mr R. P. Gillies, who sung it every night with great glee; and after he had done, and taken a laugh at it, he uniformly put his hand across his mouth, and made the following remark—"Well, I certainly do think it is a most illustrious song, Athol Cummers."

DUNCAN, lad, blaw the cummers,
Play me round the Athol cummers;
A' the din o' a' the drummers
Canna rouse like Athol cummers.

When I'm dowie, wet or weary,
Soon my heart grows light an' cheery,
When I hear the sprightly nummers
O' my dear, my Athol cummers!

When the fickle lasses vex me,
When the cares o' life perplex me,
When I'm fley'd wi' frightfu' rumours,
Then I lilt o' Athol cummers.
'Tis my cure for a' disasters,
Kebbit ewes an' crabbit masters,
Drifty nights an' dripping summers—
A' my joy is Athol cummers!

Ettrick banks an' braes are bonny,
Yarrow hills as green as ony;
But in my heart nae beauty nummers
Wi' my dear, my Athol cummers.
Lomond's beauty nought surpasses,
Save Breadalbane's bonny lasses;
But deep within my spirit slummers
Something sweet of Athol cummers.*

* Maidens.

LOVE LETTER.

This and the following song were both written in 1811, forming parts of humorous letters to the young lady who afterwards became my wife.

Ah, Maggy, thou art gane away,
And left me here to languish,
To daunder on frae day to day,
Swathed in a sort o' anguish.
My mind's the aspen o' the vale,
In ceaseless waving motion;
'Tis like a ship without a sail,
On life's unstable ocean!

I downa bide to see the moon
Blink o'er the hill sae dearly,
Late on a bonny face she shone,
A face that I loe dearly.

An' when down by the water clear
At e'en I'm lonely roaming,
I sigh, an' think if ane war here,
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming.

Ah, Maggy, thou art gane away,
An' I nae mair shall see thee;
Now a' the lee-lang simmer day,
An' a' the night I weary;
For thou wert aye sae sweet, sae gay,
Sae teazing an' sae canty,
I dinna blush to swear an' say,
In faith I canna want thee!

O, in the slippery paths o' love
Let prudence aye direct thee,
Let virtue every step approve,
And virtue will respect thee.
To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,
Alack! I am nae stranger,
An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang,
Is best aware of danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,
A' ither maids excelling,
An' heaven shall shed its purest dew
Around thy rural dwelling.
May flow'rets spring, an' wild birds sing
Around thee late an' early,
An' oft to thy remembrance bring
The lad that loes thee dearly!

MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

Could this ill warld hae been contrived
To stand without mischievous woman,
How peacefu' bodies might hae lived,
Released frae a' the ills sae common;
But since it is the waefu' case
That man maun hae this teazing crony,
Why sic a sweet bewitching face?
O had she no been made sae bonny!

I might hae roam'd wi' cheerfu' mind,
Nae sin or sorrow to betide me,
As careless as the wandering wind,
As happy as the lamb beside me;
I might hae screw'd my tunefu' pegs,
And caroll'd mountain airs fu' gaily,
Had we but wantit a' the Megs,
Wi' glossy een sae dark an' wily.

I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
The smile, the air, an' a' sae taking,
Yet open laid my wareless heart,
An' gat the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
Of wild witch-notes it has nae ony
Sin' e'er I saw that pawky quean,
Sae sweet, sae wicked, an' sae bonny!

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

This Border song was published in my own weekly paper, The Spy, March 30, 1811, and found its way into the London papers, and partially through Britain, as the composition of my friend Mr Gray, now in India. I never contradicted it, thinking that any body might have known that no one could have written the song but myself. However, it has appeared in every collection of songs with Mr Gray's name. Although I look upon it as having no merit whatever, excepting a jingle of names, which Sir Walter's good taste rendered popular, and which in every other person's hand has been ludicrous, yet I hereby claim the song as one of my own early productions,—mine only, mine solely, and mine for ever.

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,*
The Armstrongs are flying,
Their widows are crying,
The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone;

* For I defy the British nation
To match me at alliteration.
Lit. Jour.

Lock the door, Lariston—high on the weather gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky,
Yeoman and carbineer,
Billman and halberdier;
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar,
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey,
Hedley and Howard there,
Wandale and Windermere,—
Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.
Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why do the joy-candles gleam in thine eye?
Thou bold Border ranger,
Beware of thy danger—
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.

Jock Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace;
"Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,
Little know you of our moss-troopers' might,
Lindhope and Sorby true,
Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

I've Margerton, Gornberry, Raeburn, and Netherby,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
Come all Northumberland,
Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken Tower end shall the fray.
Scowl'd the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddisdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipp'd he the wold;
Many a bold martial eye
Mirror'd that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold!

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior shout,
Lances and halberds in splinters were borne;
Halberd and hauberk then
Braved the claymore in vain,
Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane, the proud files of the Windermere,
Howard—Ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!
Hear the wide welkin rend,
While the Scots' shouts ascend,
"Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

FAIR WAS THY BLOSSOM;

An elegiac song on the death of a natural child, of the most consummate beauty and elegance. It was first published in The Spy, but some of the original stanzas are omitted, as too particular.

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
That open'd like the rose in May,
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret for love's decay.
How oft above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumber'd low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame, and woe!

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreath of spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower,
In peace thy morning hymn to sing.

Thy little foot across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose press'd the dew;
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew.

The fatal shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from guilt to sever;
A tear of pity wet the string,
That twang'd, and seal'd thine eye for ever.
I saw thee late the emblem true
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
Stand on the upmost verge in view,
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth.

But now I see thee stretch'd at rest—
To break that rest shall wake no morrow—
Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast,
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow!
May thy long sleep be sound and sweet,
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be!
And long the daisy, emblem meet,
Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee!

COURTING SONG;

Or the singing verses of a love ditty written in 1810, and since set to music.

The day-beam's unco laith to part,
It lingers o'er yon summit low'ring,
While I stand here with beating heart,
Behind the brier and willow cow'ring.
The gloamin' stern keeks o'er the yoke,
An' strews wi' goud the stream sae glassy;
The raven sleeps aboon the rock,
An' I wait for my bonny lassie.

Weel may I tent the siller,
That comes at eve sae saftly stealing;
The silken hue, the bonny blue,
O' nature's rich an' radiant ceiling.

The lily lea, the vernal tree,
The night-breeze o'er the broomwood creeping;
The fading day, the milky way,
The star-beam on the water sleeping.

For gin my lassie were but here,
The jewel of my earthly treasure,
I'll hear nought but her accents dear,
Whisper'd in love's delicious measure.
Although the bat, wi' velvet wing,
Wheels round our bower so dark an' grassy,
O I'll be happier than a king,
Placed by thy side, my bonny lassie!

Nae art hast thou, nae pawky wile,
The rapid flow of love impelling;
But O the love that lights thy smile,
Wad lure an angel frae his dwelling!
There is a language in thy ee,
A music in thy voice of feeling,
The mildest virgin modestye,
An' soul that dwells within revealing.

She comes with maiden's cautious art,
Her stealing steps to tears impel me,
For, ah! the beatings of her heart
Come flichterin' on the breeze to tell me.
Flee, a' ye sorrows, on the wind,
Ye warldly cares, I'll lightly pass ye;
Nae thought shall waver through my mind,
But raptures wi' my bonny lassie.

THERE'S NAE LADDIE COMING,

Is set to a sweet original air by Bishop, and published in Goulding and D'Almaine's Select Scottish Melodies.

THERE's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean,
There's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean;
I hae watch'd thee at mid-day, at morn, an' at e'en,
An' there's nae laddie coming for thee, my dear Jean.
But be nae down-hearted though lovers gang by,
Thou'rt my only sister, thy brother am I;
An' aye in my wee house thou welcome shalt be,
An' while I hae saxpence, I'll share it wi' thee.

O Jeanie, dear Jeanie, when we twa were young,
I sat on your knee, to your bosom I clung;

You kiss'd me, an' clasp'd me, an' croon'd your bit sang,
An' bore me about when you hardly dought gang.
An' when I fell sick, wi' a red watery ee,
You watch'd your wee brother, an' fear'd he wad dee;
I felt the cool hand, and the kindly embrace,
An' the warm trickling tears drappin aft on my face.

Sae wae was my kind heart to see my Jean weep,
I closed my sick ee, though I wasna asleep;
An' I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
The gratitude due, my dear Jeanie, to thee!
Then be nae down-hearted, for nae lad can feel
Sic true love as I do, or ken ye sae weel;
My heart it yearns o'er thee, and grieved wad I be
If aught were to part my dear Jeanie an' me.

APPIE M'GIE.

This favourite lively song is likewise set to original music by Bishop; but his air is quite different from that to which it is sung in Scotland, and to which the words were at first adapted, taken from Captain Fraser's collection.

O Love has done muckle in city an' glen,
In tears of the women, an' vows of the men;
But the sweet little rogue, wi' his visions o' bliss,
Has never done aught sae unhallow'd as this.
For what do ye think?—at a dance on the green,
Afore the dew fell through the gloaming yestreen,
He has woundit the bosom, an' blindit the ee,
Of the flower o' our valley, young Appie M'Gie.

Young Appie was sweet as the zephyr of even,
And blithe as the laverock that carols in heaven;
As bonny as ever was bud o' the thorn,
Or rose that unfolds to the breath o' the morn.

Her form was the fairest o' Nature's design,
And her soul was as pure as her face was divine. .
Ah, Love! 'tis a shame that a model so true,
By thee should be melted and moulded anew.

The little pale flow'rets blush deep for thy blame;
The fringe o' the daisy is purple wi' shame;
The heath-breeze, that kisses the cheeks o' the free,
Has a tint of the mellow soft-breathings of thee.
Of all the [illegible] wasters of glee and of hue,
And eyes tha[illegible]e depths o' the ocean of blue,
Love, thou a[illegible] And a shame upon thee,
For this dee[illegible]st done to young Appie M'Gie.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

This Jacobite ballad is likewise harmonized by Bishop, in the Select Melodies, but was originally composed to the popular Irish air, "St Patrick's Day in the Morning."

There's news come ower the Highlands yestreen
Will soon gar bonnets an' broadswords keen,
An' philabegs short an' tartans green,
Shine over the shore in the morning.
He comes, he comes, our spirits to cheer,
To cherish the land he holds so dear,
To banish the reaver,
The base deceiver,
And raise the fame of the clans for ever:
Our Prince's array
Is in Moidart bay,

Come, raise the clamour
Of bagpipes' yamour,
And join our loved Prince in the morning.

Come, brave Lochiel, the honour be thine,
The first in loyal array to shine;
If bold Clan-Ranald and thee combine,
Then who dares remain in the morning?
Glengarry will stand with arm of steel,
And Keppoch is blood from head to heel;
The Whiggers o' Sky may gang to the deil,
When Connal and Donald,
And gallant Clan-Ranald,
Are all in array,
And hasting away
To welcome their Prince in the morning.

The Appin will come while coming is good,
The stern M'Intosh is of trusty blood,
M'Kenzie and Fraser
Will come at their leisure,
The Whiggers of Sutherland scorning;

The Atholmen keen as fire from steel,
M'Pherson for Charlie will battle the deil,
The hardy Clan-Donnoch
Is up in the Rannoch,
Unawed by the pride of haughty Argyle,
And lordly Drummond
Is belted, and coming
To join his loved Prince in the morning.

Come all that are true men, steel to the bane,
Come all that reflect on the days that are gane,
Come all that hae breeks and all that hae nane,
And all that are bred unto sorning—
Come Moidart and Moy, M'Gun and M'Craw,
M'Dugalds, M'Donalds, M'Devils, an' a',
M'Duffs an' M' Dumpies,
M'Leods an' M'Lumpies,
With claymores gleaming,
And standards streaming,
Come, swift as the roe,
For weel or for woe,

That Whigs in their error
May quake for terror,
To see our array in the morning.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW

Was published lately in Fraser's Magazine, and received with higher encomiums than it deserved. It was written in the character of a disconsolate parent, whose desolate condition I witnessed; but, Heaven be thanked, as yet having no relation to any breach in my own family. Many of my warm and sincere friends were alarmed at seeing it, and condoled with me; but to such I answer, as I have done already, that if such poetical licenses were not allowable, what a limited hold the bard would occupy!—This song has been set to music both in Scotland and England. It is said that a Mr Ebsworth, an accomplished musician in Edinburgh, has set it beautifully.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een;
Wi' the raptured kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happen'd when I was away.

I hae naebody now, I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even,
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven
An' the wild embrace, an' the gleesome face
In the morning that met my eye,
Where are they now, where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens, there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove,
That sharpest degree o' agony
For the child o' their earthly love—
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay,
Then calmly aneath the hand o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break, my poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine,
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent frae her Father and thine;

Yet I maun mourn, an' I *will* mourn,
Even till my latest day,
For though my darling can never return,
I can follow the sooner away.

THE FORTY-SECOND'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND

Was written, at the suggestion of Mr George Thomson, on the return of that gallant regiment from Waterloo, and harmonized beautifully by him to the old air bearing the name of the regiment. It is to be found, I think, in Mr Thomson's first volume, small edition.

Old Scotia! wake thy mountain strain,
In all its wildest splendours,
And welcome back the lads again,
Your honour's dear defenders.
Be every harp and viol strung,
Till all the woodlands quaver;
Of many a band your bards have sung,
But never hail'd a braver.
Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,
We're all in key to cheer it;
And let it be a martial strain,
That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes
As virgin voice can sound them,
Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,
For glory blazes round them.
Small is the remnant you will see,
Lamented be the others,
But such a stem of such a tree
Take to your arms like brothers.
Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,
Strike all the glen with wonder;
Let the chanter yell, and the drone-notes swell,
Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain-rock,
What wave your headlands shiver?
Long have they stood the tempest's shock,
Thou know'st they will for ever.
Sooner your eye those cliffs shall view
Split by the wind and weather,
Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue
Behind the nodding feather.

O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane!
Our caps to the sky we'll send them.
Scotland, thy honours who can stain,
Thy laurels who dare rend them!

HIGHLAND TAY

Was written on leaving one of the loveliest scenes in Athol, if not in the world, and one of the sweetest maidens; therefore the song is truly no fiction. It was so true, that a beloved female friend of mine could never endure to hear it sung. It was never published, that I remember of.—It is to the air of "The Maid of Isla."

Wear away, ye hues of spring,
Ye dyes of simmer, fade away;
Round the welcome season bring
That leads me back to Highland Tay.
Dear to me the day, the hour,
When last her winding wave I saw,
But dearer still the bonny bower
That lies aneath yon birken shaw.

Aye we sat, and aye we sigh'd,
For there was ane my arm within;
Aye the restless stream we eyed,
And heard its soft and soothing din.
The sun had sought Glen-Lyon's glade,
Forth peer'd the e'ening's modest gem,
An' every little cloud that stray'd,
Look'd gaudy in its gouden hem.

The playful breeze across the plain
Brought far the woodlark's wooer tale,
An' play'd along the mellow grain
In mimic waves adown the dale.
I saw the drops of dew so clear
Upon the green leaf trembling lie,
But sweeter far the crystal tear
That trembled in a lovely eye.

When lovers meet, 'tis to the mind
The spring-flush o' the blooming year;
But O their parting leaves behind
Something to memory ever dear!

On Ettrick's fairy banks at eve,
Though music melts the breeze away,
The gloamin' fall could never leave
A glow like that by Highland Tay.

I'LL NO WAKE WI' ANNIE.

I COMPOSED this pastoral ballad, as well as the air to which it is sung, whilst sailing one lovely day on St Mary's Loch; a pastime in which, above all others, I delighted, and of which I am now most shamefully deprived. Lord Napier never did so cruel a thing, not even on the high seas, as the interdicting of me from sailing on that beloved lake, which if I have not rendered classical, has not been my blame. But the credit will be his own,—that is some comfort.—The song was first harmonized by Mr Heather, London, and subsequently by Mr Dewar of Edinburgh; and is to be found in the Border Garland, last edition, published by Mr Purdie.

O, MOTHER, tell the laird o't,
Or sairly it will grieve me, O,
That I'm to wake the ewes the night,
And Annie's to gang wi' me, O.

I'll wake the ewes my night about,
But ne'er wi' ane sae saucy, O,
Nor sit my lane the lee-lang night
Wi' sic a scornfu' lassie, O:
I'll no wake, I'll no wake,
I'll no wake wi' Annie, O;
Nor sit my lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Dear son, be wise an' warie,
But never be unmanly, O;
I've heard ye tell another tale
Of young an' charming Annie, O.
The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
Upon the brae sae bonny, O;
But the laird himsell wad gie them a'
To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
He'll no wake wi' Annie, O;
Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late,
That lassie wad trapan ye, O;
An' ilka word ye boud to say
When left alane wi' Annie, O!
Take my advice this night for aince,
Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O,
An' sey your leal auld mother's skill
Ayont the muir wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, he'll no wake,
He'll no wake wi' Annie, O,
Nor sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

The night it was a simmer night,
An' oh the glen was lanely, O!
For just ae sternie's gowden ee
Peep'd o'er the hill serenely, O.
The twa are in the flow'ry heath,
Ayont the muir sae flowy, O,
An' but ae plaid atween them baith,
An' wasna that right dowie, O?

He maun wake, he maun wake,
He maun wake wi' Annie, O;
An' sit his lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncanny, O!

Neist morning at his mother's knee
He blest her love unfeign'dly, O;
An' aye the tear fell frae his ee,
An' aye he clasp'd her kindly, O.
"Of a' my griefs I've got amends,
In yon wild glen sae grassy, O;
A woman only woman kens,—
Your skill has won my lassie, O.
I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,
I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,
An' sit my lane ilk night wi' ane
Sae sweet, sae kind, an' canny, O!"

THE LASS O' CARLISLE.

I WROTE this daftlike song off-hand one day to fill up a page of a letter which was to go to Fraser by post, being averse to his paying for any blank paper. I did not deem it worthy of publication anywhere else; but after its having appeared in print, why, let it have a place here.

I'LL sing ye a wee bit sang,
A sang i' the aulden style,
It is of a bonny young lass
Wha lived in merry Carlisle.
An' O but this lass was bonny,
An' O but this lass was braw,
An' she had gowd in her coffers,
An' that was best of a'.
Sing hey, hickerty dickerty,
Hickerty dickerty dear;
The lass that has gowd an' beauty
Has naething on earth to fear!

This lassie had plenty o' wooers,
As beauty an' wealth should hae;
This lassie she took her a man,
An' then she could get nae mae.
This lassie had plenty o' weans,
That keepit her hands astir;
And then she dee'd and was buried,
An' there was an end of her.
Sing hey, hickerty dickerty,
Hickerty dickerty dan,
The best thing in life is to make
The maist o't that we can!

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

Was written at the request of Mr Thomson, to the old air bearing that name. But after the verses were written, he would not have them, because they were not good enough. "He did not like any verses," he said, "that had the lines ending with O's, and joes, and yets, &c. as they were very poor expedients for making up the measure and rhyme." He was quite right; but what was a poor fellow to do, tied to a triple rhyme like this?—The song was afterwards published in the *Literary Journal*.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.

But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet;
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinking,
Bonny blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.
But O her artless smile's mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete;
An' right or wrang,
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see
Are nought to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet!

THE MOON.

SHEPHERD.

Here, sir, tak the prospeck, an' gie's a screed o' philosophy, for I'm gaun to gie ye anither sang.

Now fare-ye-weel, bonny Lady Moon,
Wi' thy still look o' majestye;
For though ye hae a queenly face,
'Tis e'en a fearsome sight to see.
Your lip is like Ben-Lomond's base,
Your mouth a dark unmeasured dell;
Your eebrow like the Grampian range,
Fringed with the brier an' heather-bell.

Yet still thou bear'st a human face,
Of calm an' ghostly dignity;

Some emblem there I fain wad trace
Of Him that made baith you an' me.
But fare-ye-weel, bonny Lady Moon,
There's neither stop nor stay for me;
But when this joyfu' life is done,
I'll take a jaunt an' visit thee.

THE WITCH O' FIFE;

ANOTHER balloon song, notable for nothing save its utter madness.

HURRAY, hurray, the jade's away,
Like a rocket of air with her bandalet!
I'm up in the air on my bonny grey mare,
But I see her yet, I see her yet.
I'll ring the skirts o' the gowden wain
Wi' curb an' bit, wi' curb an' bit;
An' catch the Bear by the frozen mane,—
An' I see her yet, I see her yet.

Away, away, o'er mountain an' main,
To sing at the morning's rosy yett;
An' water my mare at its fountain clear,—
But I see her yet, I see her yet.

Away, thou bonny witch o' Fife,
On foam of the air to heave an' flit,
An' little reck thou of a poet's life,
For he sees thee yet, he sees thee yet.

ROW ON, ROW ON,

WAS written to an old Border air, ycleped "Tushilaw's Lines," which has never been published. The words were meant to suit the plaintive notes of the tune.

Row on, row on, thou cauldrife wave,
Weel may you fume, and growl, and grumble—
Weel may you to the tempest rave
And down your briny mountains tumble;
For mony a heart thou hast made cauld,
Of firmest friend and fondest lover,
Who lie in thy dark bosom pall'd,
The garish green wave rolling over.

Upon thy waste of waters wide,
Though ray'd in a' the dyes o' heaven!
I never turn my looks aside,
But my poor heart wi' grief is riven;

For then on ane that loe'd me weel
My heart will evermair be turning;
An' oh! 'tis grievous aye to feel
That nought remains for me but mourning.

For whether he's alive or dead,
In distant land for maiden sighing,
A captive into slavery led,
Or in thy beds of amber lying,
I cannot tell;—I only know
I loved him dearly, and forewarn'd him;
I gave him thee in pain and woe,
And thou hast never more return'd him.

Still thou rowest on with sullen roar—
A broken heart to thee is nothing;
Thou only lovest to lash the shore,
And jabber out thy thunder, frothing.
Thy still small voice send to this creek,
The wavy field of waters over;
Oh! Spirit of the Ocean, speak!
And tell me where thou hold'st my lover!

MARION GRAHAM;

A PASTORAL ballad, written expressly for the first Number of the *Literary Journal*, and published there.

AWAKE, my bonny Marion Graham,
And see this scene before it closes,
The eastern lift is a' on flame,
And a' besprinkled o'er wi' roses;
It is a sight will glad your ee,
A sight my Marion loes to see.

Here are the streaks of gowden light,
Fair as my Marion's locks o' yellow;
And tints of blue as heavenly bright
As smile within her ee sae mellow;
Her cheeks, young roses, even seem
To dimple in yon heavenly beam.

Awake, my bonny Marion Graham,
Ye never saw sae bright adorning;
I canna bear that my sweet dame
Should lose the pleasures o' this morning;
For what wad a' its beauties be
Without some likeness unto thee?

I see thee in the silver stream,
The budding rose, and gracefu' willow;
I see thee in yon morning beam,
And beauty of the glowing billow;
I see thy innocence and glee
In every lamb that skims the lea.

And could you trow it, lovely May,
I see thee in the hues of even,
Thy virgin bed the milky way,
Thy coverlet the veil of heaven!
There have I seen a vision dim
Hush'd by an angel's holy hymn.

And, Marion, when this morn, above
The gates of heaven, I saw advancing

The morning's gem—the star of love,
My heart with rapture fell a-dancing;
Yet I in all its rays could see,
And all its glories, only thee.

Ah! Marion Graham! 'tis e'en ower true,
And Gude forgie my fond devotion!
In earth's sweet green, and heaven's blue,
And all the dyes that deck the ocean,
The scene that brings nae mind o' thee
Has little beauty to my ee.

Get up, ye little wily knave!
I ken your pawky jinks an' jeering,
You like to hear your lover rave,
An' gar him trow ye dinna hear him;
Yet weel this homage you'll repay,—
Get up, my love, an' come away!

THE FLOWER

Was published in the Forest Minstrel, upwards of twenty years ago, and has been partially popular ever since.—It was beautifully harmonized to a Gaelic air, by Miss C. Forest, in a single sheet.

O softly blaw, thou biting blast,
O'er Yarrow's lonely dale,
And spare yon sweet and tender bud
Exposed to every gale!
Long has she hung her drooping head,
Despairing to survive;
But partial sunbeams through the cloud
Still kept my flower alive.

One evening, when the sun was low,
Through yon lone dell I stray'd,
While little birds from every bough
Their music wild convey'd.

The sunbeam lean'd across the shower,
The rainbow girt the glen,
There first I saw my lovely flower
Far from the walks of men.

Her cheek was then the ruddy dawn,
Stole from the rising sun;
The whitest feather from the swan
On her fair breast was dun.
Her mould of modest dignity
Was form'd the heart to win;
The dewdrop glist'ning in her eye,
Show'd all was pure within.

But frost on cold misfortune borne,
Hath crush'd her in the clay;
And ruthless fate hath rudely torn
Each kindred branch away.
That wounded stem will never close,
But bleeding still remain;
Relentless winds, how can you blow,
And nip my flower again!

BIRNIEBOUZLE.

It is said "the multitude never are wrong;" so be it. Well, then, this has been a popular street song for nearly thirty years. How does the instance justify the adage? Not well. However, bowing with humility to the public voice, in preference to my own judgment, I give it a place.

Air—*Braes of Tullimett.*

Will ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle?
Baith the yird an' sea, lassie,
Will I rob to fend ye.
I'll hunt the otter an' the brock,
The hart, the hare, an' heather cock,
An' pu' the limpet aff the rock,
To batten an' to mend ye.

If ye'll gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle,
Till the day you dee, lassie,
Want shall ne'er come near ye.
The peats I'll carry in a skull,
The cod an' ling wi' hooks I'll pull,
An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,
To please my denty dearie.

Sae canty will we be, lassie,
At the braes o' Birniebouzle,
Donald Gun and me, lassie,
Ever sall attend ye.
Though we hae nowther milk nor meal,
Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,
We'll fank the porpy and the seal,
And that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye sall gang sae braw, lassie,
At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
Wi' littit brogues an' a', lassie,
Wow but ye'll be vaunty!

An' you sall wear, when you are wed,
The kirtle an' the Heeland plaid,
An' sleep upon a heather bed,
Sae cozy an' sae canty.

If ye'll but marry me, lassie,
At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
A' my joy shall be, lassie,
Ever to content ye.
I'll bait the line and bear the pail,
An' row the boat and spread the sail,
An' drag the larry at my tail,
When mussel hives are plenty.

Then come awa wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle;
Bonny lassie, dear lassie,
You shall ne'er repent ye.
For you shall own a bught o' ewes,
A brace o' gaits, and byre o' cows,
An' be the lady o' my house,
An' lads an' lasses plenty.

I HAE LOST MY LOVE.

A BITTER song against the women.

I HAE lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,
I hae lost my love, an' I carena;
For laith will I be just to lie down an' dee,
And to sit down an' greet wad be bairnly;
But a screed o' ill-nature I canna weel help,
At having been guidit unfairly;
An' weel wad I like to gie women a skelp,
An' yerk their sweet haffits fu' yarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly and demure,
As pawkie as deils wi' their smiling;
As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,
The hearts o' a' mankind beguiling;

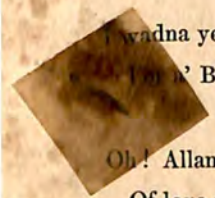
As sour as December, as soothing as May,
To suit their ain ends, never doubt them;
Their ill faults I couldna tell ower in a day,
But their beauty's the warst thing about them!

Ay, that's what sets up the haill warld in a lowe;
Make's kingdoms to rise and expire;
Man's micht is nae mair than a flaughten o' tow,
Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire!
'Twas woman at first made creation to bend,
And of nature's prime lord made the fellow!
An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warld to an end,
An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'!

ALLAN DHU.

I LIKE to see you, Allan Dhu,
I like wi' you to meet,
But dinna say to me you loe,
For that wad gar me greet.
I like to see you smile on me
Amang our maidens a',
But, oh! ae vow o' love frae you
I cou'dna stand ava.

Ay, ye may smile, but dinna speak;
I ken what ye've to say;
Sae, either haud your tongue sae sleek,
Or look another way;
For, should it be of love to me,
In manner soft and bland,



I wadna ye my face should see
The [illegible] o' Breadalbin's land.

Oh! Allan Dhu, 'tis nought to you
Of love to gibe and jeer;
But little ken ye of the pang
A maiden's heart maun bear,
When a' on earth that she hauds dear,
The hope that makes her fain,
Comes plump at ainee—Oh, me! the thought
'Maist turns my heart to stane!

No, Allan, no—I winna let
You speak a word the night:
Gang hame, an' write a lang letter,
For weel ye can indite.
And be it love, or be it slight,
I then can hae my will,
I'll steal away, far out o' sight,
An' greet, an' greet my fill.

LOVE'S VISIT.

Love came to the door o' my heart ae night,
And he call'd wi' a whining din—
"Oh, open the door! for it is but thy part
To let an old crony come in."

"Thou sly little elf! I hae open'd to thee
Far aftener than I dare say;
An' dear hae the openings been to me,
Before I could wile you away."

"Fear not," quo' Love, "for my bow's in the rest,
And my arrows are ilk ane gane;
For you sent me to wound a lovely breast,
Which has proved o' the marble stane.

I am sair forspent, then let me come in
To the nook where I wont to lie,
For sae aft hae I been this door within
That I downa think to gang by."

I open'd the door, though I ween'd it a sin,
To the sweet little whimpering fay;
But he raised sic a buzz the cove within,
That he fill'd me with wild dismay;
For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,
And then sic an ardent glow,
That I fear'd the chords o' my sanguine heart
War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.

"Gae away, gae away, thou wicked wean!"
I cried, wi' the tear in my ee;
"Ay! sae ye may say!" quo' he, "but I ken
Ye'll be laith now to part wi' me."
And what do you think?—by day and by night,
For these ten lang years and twain,
I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,
And we'll never mair part again.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING

Is one of the songs of my youth, written long ere I threw aside the shepherd's plaid, and took farewell of my trusty colley, for the bard's perilous and thankless occupation. I was a poor shepherd half a century ago, and I have never got farther to this day; but my friends would be far from regretting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has been mine. This was the first song of mine I ever heard sung at the piano, and my feelings of exultation are not to be conceived by men of sordid dispositions. I had often heard my strains chanted from the ewe-bught and the milking green, with delight; but I now found that I had got a step higher, and thenceforward resolved to cling to my harp, with a fondness which no obloquy should diminish,—and I have kept the resolution.—The song was first set to music and sung by Miss C. Forest, and has long been a favourite, and generally sung through a great portion of Scotland.

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;

But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!—
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan
Lies the corpse of your lover!

O, WHAT GART ME GREET?

Was written in 1810, on an affecting incident related to me by a lady. It was published in The Spy that year, and has never been set to music, but I have heard it chanted to "Bonny Dundee," an air of more general utility than any in Scotland.

O what gart me greet when I partit wi' Willie,
While at his gude fortune ilk ane was sae fain?
My neighbours they shamed me, an' said it was silly,
When I was sae soon to see Willie again.
He gae me his hand as we gae'd to the river,
For O he was aye a kind brother to me:
Right sair was my heart frae my Willie to sever,
And saut was the tear-drop that smartit my ee.

It wasna the kiss that he gae me at parting,
Nor yet the kind pressure I felt o' my hand—
It wasna the tear frae his blue ee was starting,
As slow they were shoving the boat frae the land.

The tear that I saw ower his bonny cheek straying,
It pleased me indeed, but it doubled my pain;
For something within me was constantly saying,
"Ah, Jessie! ye'll never see Willie again!"

The bairn's unco wae to be taen frae its mother,
The wee bird is wae when bereaved o' its young,
But oh, to be reft of a dear only brother,
It canna be spoken—it canna be sung!
I dream'd a' the night that my Willie was wi' me,
Sae kind to his Jessie—at meeting sae fain,
An' just at the dawning a friend came to see me,
An' tauld me I never wad see him again!

I hae naebody now to look kind an' caress me,
I look for a friend, but nae friend can I see;
I dinna ken what's to become o' poor Jessie—
Life has nae mair comfort or pleasure for me!
Hard want may oppress me, an' sorrow harass me,
But dearest affection shall ever remain,
An' wandering weary this wilderness dreary,
I'll lang for the day that shall meet us again!

A NATIONAL SONG OF TRIUMPH

THE following song was written for, and sung at, a large social meeting of friends, who met by appointment at Young's tavern, to celebrate the entry of the Allies into Paris in 1814.

Now, Britain, let thy cliffs o' snaw
Look prouder o'er the marled main;
The bastard eagle bears awa',
An' ne'er shall ee thy shores again
Come, bang thy banners to the wain,
The struggle's past, the prize is won;
Well may thy lion shake his mane,
And turn his grey beard to the sun.

Lang hae I bragg'd o' thine an' thee,
Even when thy back was at the wa',
Now thou my proudest sang shalt be
As lang as I hae breath to draw.

Where now the coofs wha boded wae,
An' cauldness o'er thy efforts threw;
An' where the proudest, fellest fae
Frae hell's black porch that ever flew?

O he might conquer feckless kings—
Those bars in Nature's onward plan—
But fool is he the yoke that flings
O'er the unshackled soul of man.
'Tis like a cobweb o'er the breast,
That binds the giant while asleep;
Or curtain hung upon the east
The daylight from the world to keep.

Here's to the hands sae lang upbore
The Rose and Shamrock, blooming still;
An' here's the burly plant of yore,
The Thistle o' the norlan' hill!
Lang may auld Britain's banners pale
Stream o'er the seas her might has won;
Lang may her Lions paw the gale,
An' turn their dewlaps to the sun!

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The following are the singing verses of a pastoral effusion, published long ago.

The flush of the landscape is o'er,
The brown leaves are shed on the way,
The dye of the lone mountain flower
Grows wan, and betokens decay;
The spring in our valleys is born,
Like the bud that it fosters, to die,
Like the transient dews of the morn,
Or the vapour that melts in the sky.

So youth, with its visions so gay,
Departs like a dream of the mind,
To pleasure and passion a prey,
That lead to the sorrows behind;

Its virtues too buoyant to grow,
Its follies too latent to die—
We shall reap of the seeds we then sow,
When the stars have dissolved in the sky.

All silent the song of the thrush,
Bewilder'd she cowers in the dale;
The blackbird sits lone on the bush—
The fall of the leaf they bewail.
All nature thus tends to decay,
And to drop as the leaves from the tree
And man, just the flower of a day,
How long, long his winter will be!

THE ANCIENT BANNER.

THIS song was written for, and sung at, the great football match at Carterhaugh, on the 5th of December, 1815, when the old tattered banner of Buccleuch was displayed at the head of the combatants. It was the first rallying standard of the clan, and is very ancient.

AND hast thou here, like hermit grey,
Thy mystic characters unroll'd,
O'er peaceful revellers to play,
Thou emblem of the days of old!
Or com'st thou with the veteran's smile,
Who deems his day of conquest fled,
Yet loves to view the bloodless toil
Of sons whose sires he often led?

Not such thy peaceable intent,
When over Border waste and wood,

On foray and achievement bent,
Like eagle on his path of blood.
Symbol to ancient valour dear,
Much has been dared and done for thee;
I almost weep to see thee here,
And deem thee raised in mockery.

But no—familiar to the brave,
'Twas thine thy gleaming moon and star
Above their manly sports to wave,
As free as in the field of war;
To thee the faithful clansman's shout,
In revel as in rage, was dear—
The more beloved in festal rout,
The better fenced when foes were near.

I love thee for the olden day,
The iron age of hardihood,
The rather that thou led'st the way
To peace and joy through paths of blood;
For were it not the deeds of weir,
When thou wert foremost in the fray,

We had not been assembled here,
Rejoicing in a father's sway.

And even the days ourselves have known
Alike the moral truth impress,
Valour and constancy alone
Can purchase peace and happiness.
Then hail! memorial of the brave,
The liegeman's pride, the Border's awe;
May thy grey pennon never wave
O'er sterner field than Carterhaugh!

A WIDOW'S WAIL.

One of my early songs, made so long ago that my mind retains no remembrance of the time, but I see it was published in the Forest Minstrel in 1810, and several times since, with some slight alterations.—It is sung to the air of "Gilderoy," but never was set to music.

O thou art lovely yet, my boy,
Even in thy winding-sheet;
I canna leave thy comely clay,
An' features calm an' sweet!
I have no hope but for the day
That we shall meet again,
Since thou art gone, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

I hoped thy sire's loved form to see,
To trace his looks in thine;
An' saw with joy thy sparkling ee
With kindling vigour shine!
I thought, when auld an' frail, I might
Wi' you an' yours remain;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

Now closed an' set thy sparkling eye,
Thy kind wee heart is still,
An' thy dear spirit far away
Beyond the reach of ill!
Ah! fain wad I that comely clay
Reanimate again;
But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

The flower now fading on the lea
Shall fresher rise to view,—
The leaf just falling from the tree
The year will soon renew;

But lang may I weep o'er thy grave
Ere thou reviv'st again;
For thou art fled, my bonny boy,
An' left me here alane!

AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S NANNY

Was written the year before last, for Friendship's Offering, but has since become a favourite, and has been very often copied. I have refused all applications to have it set to music, having composed an air for it myself, which I am conscious I will prefer to any other, however much better it may be.

The daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny;
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!
O, my Nanny!
My dear little Nanny!
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny!
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

Ae day she came out, wi' a rosy blush,
To milk her twa kie, sae couthy and canny;
I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonny Nanny.
O, my Nanny, &c.

Her looks that stray'd o'er nature away,
Frae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,
Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,
Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.
O, my Nanny, &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green
In quaking, quivering agitation,
An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my een,
Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.
O, my Nanny, &c.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny
But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
There's nane like the love o' my bonny Nanny.

O, my Nanny!
My dear little Nanny!
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nanny!
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nanny!

THE BROKEN HEART

Was written in detestation of the behaviour of a gentleman (can I call him so?) to a dearly-beloved young relative of my own, and whom, at the time I wrote this, I never expected to recover from the shock her kind and affectionate heart had received. It has, however, turned out a lucky disappointment for her.

Now lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever;
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
And banks of broom so yellow!
Too happy has this bosom been
Within your arbours mellow.

That happiness is fled for aye,
And all is dark desponding,
Save in the opening gates of day,
And the dear home beyond them!

As a note to the above song, I may quote a stanza from another poem written at the same time:—

Woe to the guileful tongue that bred
This disappointment and this pain!
Cold-hearted villain! on his head
A minstrel's malison remain!
Guilt from his brow let ne'er depart,
Nor shame until his dying day;
For he has broke the kindest heart
That ever bow'd to nature's sway!

JOHN O' BRACKADALE.

Written for, and published in, Albyn's Anthology.

Hey, John, ho, John,
Hey, John o' Brackadale;
Auld John, bauld John,
Brave John o' Brackadale!
Came ye o'er by Moravich,
Saw ye John o' Brackadale,
At his nose a siller queich,
At his knee a water-pail?
Copper nose an' haffets grey,
Bald head an' bosom hale,
John has drunken usquebae
Mair than a' Loch Brackadale!
Hey, John, ho, John, &c.

Sic a carle! to wear away,
An' lye down quiet i' the yird,
Just when the glorious usquebae
Is growing cheaper by a third;—
It winna do—I'll no believe it,
For ne'er was carle sae blithe an' hale;
Then hey for routh o' barley bree,
An' brave John o' Brackadale!
Hey, John, ho, John,
Hey, John o' Brackadale;
Auld John, bauld John,
Brave John o' Brackadale!

BAULDY FRAZER

Is a rant which I composed for my own singing, in the broken Highland dialect, when I was a shepherd.

AIR— *Whigs o' Fife.*

HER name pe Bauldy Frazer, man,
She's puir and oult, and pale and wan;
She proke her shin, and tint a han',
Upon Cullotin's lea, man.
Our Heelant clans pe creat forworn,
Els tem hat geen te loons ter corn;
But sic a tey was nefer porn
For Heelant mans to tee, man.

Och, sic a hurly-purly rase,
Te fery lift was in a plase,
As all te teils had won ter ways,
On Heelant mans to flee, man.

Te cannon an' te pluff trakoon,
Sore proke her rank an' pore her toon,
Her nain sell ne'er cot sic a stoon,
As Cot shall answer me, man.

Pig Satan sent te plan frae hell,
Or put our chiefs peside hersell,
To plant tem on te open fell,
In pase artillery's ee, man.
For had she met te gruesome Tuke
At ford of Spey or Prae-Calrook,
Te ploot of every foreign pouk
Had dyed te Cherman sea, man.

She fought for all she loved or had,
And for te right; put Heavin forpade,
And mony a bonny Heelant lad
Lay pleeding on te prae, man.
Fat could she too, fat could she say?
Te crand M'Tonald was away,
And her nown chief tat luckless tay
Pe far peyond Dunvey, man.

M'Pherson and M'Gregor poth,
Te men of Moidart and Glen-quoich,
And cood M'Kenzies of te Doich,
All absent from te field, man.
Te sorde was sharp, te arm was true,
Pe honour still her nainsell's tue,
Impossibles she cou'd not do,
Though laith she pe to yield, man.

When Sharles first wi' the flighters met,
Praif lad, he thought us pack to ket,
"Turn, turn," he cry't, "and face tem yet,
We'll conquer, or we'll tee, man!"
Put her nainsell shumpit owre te purn,
And sweart pe Cot she wudna turn,
For ter was nought put shoot and purn,
And hanging on te tree, man.

Fie, ploody Tuke, fat ail't her ten,
To rafage every Heelant glen?
Her crime was truth, and lofe to ane,
She had no hate at tee, man.

And you, and yours, will yet pe klad
To trust te honest Heelant lad;
Te ponnit plue and pelted plaid
Will stand te last of tree, man.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

Written in 1811. All the pieces which I wrote at that age have a melody in them, which, since that period, I have never been able to reach; but they are often deficient in real stamina.

Arise, arise, thou queen of Love,
Thy bed is chill'd with evening dew
Thy robe the virgin fays have wove,
And rear'd thy canopy of blue.
O, let me see thy golden breast,
Thy amber halo o'er the hill,
And all the chambers of the west
Thy coronal with glory fill.

O, come—the evening colours fade,
Soft silence broods o'er lawn and lee;
And beauty in the greenwood shade,
Uplifts a longing eye for thee.
Thy temple be this silvan bower,
Where wounded lovers kneel confest;
Thine altar-cloth the daisy flower,
Thy tabernacle, beauty's breast.

Be this thy dearest, holiest shrine,
Thy breviary two beaming eyes;
And aye I'll pant to see thee shine—
Beloved star, arise, arise!
As slowly steals an angel's wing,
Thy light pavilion down the sky;
Before thee let young seraphs sing
The softest love-sick melody.

And here, on thy beloved shrine,
Where fragrant flowers of incense glow,
Pure as that heavenly breast of thine,
And fairer than the virgin snow;—

Here will I worship with delight,
And pay the vows I made to thee,
Until thy mild and modest light
Is cradled on the heaving sea.

OHON-A-RIGH!

A HUMBLE petition from the Ettrick Shepherd to his late loved sovereign, King George IV., to restore the titles of the last remnants of the brave defenders of the rights of their ancient dynasty.

OHON-a-righ!
Ohon-a-righ!
There's nought but alteration;
The men that strove
Our throne to move,
And overturn the nation,
Are a' come round,
Wi' wit profound,
To those they branded sairly
An' show more might
For George's right
Than e'er they did for Charlie

The day is past,
It was the last
Of suffering and of sorrow
And o'er the men
Of northern glen
Arose a brighter morrow.
The pibroch rang
With bolder clang
Along the hills of heather;
An' fresh an' strong
The thistle sprung
That had begun to wither!

Our sovereign gone,
Whom we think on
As sons on sire regarded,
Of the plaided north
Beheld the worth
And loyalty rewarded.
Return'd their own,
And to the throne
Bound all their spirits lordly,

Now who will stand,
With dirk or brand,
As Donald does for Geordie ?

Beannaich-an-righ !
Beannaich-an-righ !
Her nainsell now be praying.
Though standard praw,
And broadsword law,
She all aside be laying,
With Heelant might,
For Shorge's right,
Cot ! put she'll braolich rarely,
Gin lords her nain
Pe lords ackain,
That fell for sake of Charlie !

THE LADDIE THAT I KEN O'.

THERE's a bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o',
There's a bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o',
An' although he be but young,
He has a sweet wooing tongue,
The bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o'.

He has woo'd me for his own, an' I trow him, O,
For it's needless to deny that I loe him, O;
When I see his face come ben,
Then a' the lads I ken,
I think them sae far, far below him, O.

There is Annie, the demure little fairy, O,
Our Nancy, an' Burns' bonny Mary, O;
They may set their caps at him,
An' greet till they gae blin',
But his love for his Jean will never vary, O.

He'll come to me at e'en though he's weary, O,
An' the way be baith langsome an' eery, O,
An' he'll tirl at the pin,
An' cry, "Jeanie, let me in,
For my bosom it burns to be near ye, O!"

He's a queer bonny laddie that I ken o',
He's a dear bonny laddie that I ken o';
For he'll tak' me on his knee,
An' he'll reave a kiss frae me,
The bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o'.

O LADY DEAR.

Copied from the Queen's Wake. Queen Mary hears an ancient bard singing it to her at a distance, and is deeply affected. It was set to music on a single sheet by Mr Monzanni. I also composed an air for it, since known by the name of "The Cameronian's Midnight Hymn." See the Brownie of Bodsbeck.

O lady dear, fair is thy noon,
But man is like the inconstant moon;
Last night she smiled o'er lawn and lea,
That moon will change and so will he.
Thy time, dear lady, 's a passing shower,
Thy beauty is but a fading flower;
Watch thy young bosom and virgin eye,
For the shower must fall, and the flow'ret die.

THE SPECTRE'S CRADLE SONG.

Hush, my bonny babe!—hush, and be still!
Thy mother's arms shall guard thee from ill;
Far have I borne thee in sorrow and pain,
To drink the breeze of the world again.
The dew shall moisten thy brow so meek,
And the breeze of midnight fan thy cheek;
And soon shall we rest in the how of the hill—
Hush, my bonny babe!—hush, and be still!

For thee have I travail'd in weakness and woe,
The world above and the world below;
My heart was kind, and I fell in the snare,
Thy father was cruel, but thou wert fair.

I sinn'd, I sorrow'd—I died for thee,
Then O, my bonny babe, smile on me!
And weep thou not for thy mother's ill—
Hush, my bonny babe!—hush, and be still!

See yon thick clouds of the murky hue,
Yon star that peeps from its window blue
Above yon clouds that are wandering far,
Away and beyond yon little star,—
There's a home of peace that soon shall be thine,
And there shalt thou see thy father and mine,
Away from sorrow, away from ill—
Hush, my bonny babe!—hush, and be still!

The flowers of this world will bud and decay,
The trees of the forest be weeded away,
And all yon stars from the milky way,
But thou shalt bloom for ever and aye.
The time will come I shall follow thee,
But long, long hence that time shall be.
O weep not so for thy mother's ill!—
Hush, my bonny babe!—hush, and be still!

HYMN TO THE GOD OF THE SEA.

THIS and the foregoing songs are copied, with a slight variation, from the Queen's Wake, as pieces that might be successfully set to music.

O THOU, who makest the ocean to flow,
Thou, who walkest the channels below,
To thee the incense of song we heap,—
Thou, who knowest not slumber nor sleep,
Journeying with everlasting motion,
Great spirit that movest on the face of the ocean,
To thee!—to thee!—we sing to thee,
God of the western wind! God of the sea!

To thee, who breathest in the bosom'd sail,
Who rulest the shark and the rolling whale,

Who bid'st the billows thy reign deform,
Laugh'st in the whirlwind, sing'st in the storm,
Who flingest the sinner to downward grave,
Who lightest thy lamp on the mane of the wave—
To thee!—to thee!—we sing to thee,
God of the western wind! God of the sea!

To thee, who leadest forth in the air,
The things that be not, are not there,
That rise like mountain amid the sea,
Where mountain was never, and never will be,
Who mov'st thy proud and thy pale chaperoon,
Mid walks of the angels and ways of the moon—
To thee!—to thee!—we sing to thee,
God of the western wind! God of the sea!

To thee, who bid'st those mountains of brine
Softly to sink in the fair moonshine,
And spreadest thy couch of mellow light,
To lure to thy bosom the Queen of the night,
Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,
And the mist that sleeps on her breast of blue—

To thee!—to thee!—we sing to thee,
God of the western wind! God of the sea!

To thee, whose holy calm is spread
For nymphs of the ocean's wooing bed,
When the murmurs die at the base of the hill,
And the shadows lie rock'd and murmuring still,
And the solan's young and the lines of foam
Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home—
To thee!—to thee!—we sing to thee,
God of the western wind! God of the sea!

ANGEL'S MORNING SONG TO THE SHEPHERD.

Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,
From her sieve of silken blue,
Dawning sifts her silver dew,
Hangs the emerald on the willow,
Lights her lamp below the billow,
Bends the brier and branchy braken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!

Round and round, from glen and grove,
Pour a thousand hymns to love;
Harps the rail amid the clover,
O'er the moon-fern whews the plover,

Bat has hid and heath-cock crow'd,
Courser neigh'd and cattle low'd,
Kid and lamb the lair forsaken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!

MARY GRAY.

Some say that my Mary Gray is dead,
And that I in this world shall see her never;
Some say she is laid on her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever!
Ah, they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's giver;
For every night she is by my side—
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

My Mary was bonny when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
And her form all virgin forms excelling.
But oh, if they saw my Mary now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers,
It is all of beauty and of sweetness,—
So my dear maid in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meekness!
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kaim'd my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,
And promised her God to take me there
Before the leaf falls from the willow!

Farewell, ye homes of living men,
I have no relish for your pleasures;
In the human face I naething ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures.
I long for onward bliss to be,
A day of joy—a brighter morrow,
And from this bondage to be free—
Farewell this world of sin and sorrow!

ODE ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MR PITT.

This and the two following are inserted as pieces that might be set to music, though as yet they never have been, and probably never will be.

And art thou departed, ere yet from the field
The tidings of glory are borne?
And art thou departed, our bulwark, our shield,
And live I thy exit to mourn?
My country's horizon for ever is shorn
Of the splendour that over it shone;
The darkness is shed, and the storm is gone forth,
Our sun and our moon have both dropp'd to the earth,
The child of the mighty hath come to the birth,
But the strength of the parent is gone.

O, Pitt, I may wail thee, and wail without blame,
For here cannot party deride!
'Twas in the lone wild I first heard of thy name,
With Nature alone for my guide,
Who taught me to love thee—my boast and my pride
From thence thou hast been and shalt be;
I read and I wonder'd, but still I read on,
My bosom heaved high with an ardour unknown,
But I found it congenial in all with thine own,
And I set up my nest under thee.

I wonder'd when senators sternly express'd
Disgust at each measure of thine;
For I was as simple as babe at the breast,
And their motives I could not divine.
I knew not, and still small the knowledge is mine,
Of the passions that mankind dissever,
That minds there are framed like the turbulent ocean,
That foams on its barriers with ceaseless commotion,
On the rock that stands highest commanding devotion,
There dash its rude billows for ever.

They said thou wert proud;—I have ponder'd it long,
I have tried thee by plummet and line,
Have weigh'd in the balance the right and the wrong,
And am forced in the charge to combine:
They call'd thee ambitious;—a censure condign—
I know it—I own it was true;
But it was of thy country alone thou wert proud,
Thy ambition was all for her glory and good,
For there thy wrung heart a wild torrent withstood,
Which broke what it could not subdue.

Be hallow'd thy memory, illustrious shade!
A shepherd can ill understand,
But he weens that as clear and unbiass'd a head,
As clean and less sordid a hand,
Or a heart more untainted did never command
The wealth of a nation on earth;
And he knows that long hence, when his head's low as thine,
That the good and the great, and the brave and benign,
And the lovers of country and king, will combine
To hallow the hour of thy birth.

BUSACO.

Beyond Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had roll'd the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
O'er nature's still convexity,
High on the heath our tents were spread,
The green turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chill'd head
The banners flapp'd incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn,
The quivering drum, the pealing horn,
From rank to rank the cry is borne,
" Arouse ! for death or victory !"

The orb of day in crimson dye
Began to mount the morning sky,
Then what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the bold declivity!

The serried bay'nets glittering stood,
Like icicles on hills of blood,
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
Reel'd in the flickering canopy.
Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions, stern and vast,
Rush'd to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er, the fateful shock,
A thousand thousand thunders woke,
The air grows sick, the mountains rock,
Red ruin rides triumphantly!
Light boil'd the war-cloud to the sky,
In phantom towers and columns high;
But dark and dense their bases lie,
Prone on the battle's boundary.

The thistle waved her bonnet blue,
The harp her wildest war-notes threw,
The red rose gain'd a fresher hue,
Busaco, in thy heraldry!
Hail, gallant brothers! woe befall
The foe that braves thy triple wall!
For even the slumbering Portugal
Arouses at thy chivalry!

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Spirit all limitless,
Where is thy dwelling place,
Spirit of him whose high name we revere?
Come on thy seraph wings—
Come from thy wanderings,
And smile on thy votaries who sigh for thee here!

Whether thou journey'st far
On by the morning star,
Dream'st in the shadowy brows of the moon;
Or linger'st in fairyland
Mid lovely elves to stand,
Singing thy carols all lightsome and boon;—

Whether thou tremblest o'er
Green grave of Elsinore,
Stay'st o'er the hill of Dunsinnan to hover,
Bosworth or Shrewsbury,
Egypt or Philippi,
Come from thy roamings the universe over!

Come, O thou spark divine,
Rise from thy hallow'd shrine!
Here in the vales of the north thou shalt see,
Hearts true to Nature's call,
Spirits congenial,
Proud of their country, yet bowing to thee.

Here thou art call'd upon,
Come thou to Caledon,
Come to the land of the ardent and free—
The land of the lone recess,
Mountain and wilderness,
This is the land, thou wild meteor, for thee!

And here, by the sounding sea,
Torrent and green-wood tree,
Here to solicit thee cease shall we never!
Meteor, effulgence bright,
Here must thy flame relight,
Or vanish from nature for ever and ever!

THE WEE HOUSE.

I LIKE thee weel, my wee auld house,
Though laigh thy wa's an' flat the riggin',
Though round thy hun the sourock grows,
An' rain-draps gaw my cozy biggin'.
Lang hast thou happit mine and me,
My head's grown grey aneath thy kipple,
And aye thy ingle cheek was free
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin'?
The rich man never wish'd me ill,
The poor man left me aye his blessin'.
Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin';
Sic joys will never glad my heart
As I've had by thy hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled,
My sonsy wife sat by me spinning,
Aye lilting o'er her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless an' sae winning.
Our frugal meal was aye a feast,
Our e'ening psalm a hymn of joy;
Sae calm an' peaceful was our rest,
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but baud thee dear,
My auld, storm-batter'd, hamely shieling;
Thy sooty lum, an' kipples clear,
I better love than gaudy ceiling.
Thy roof will fa', the rafters start,
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be!
Ah! nae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee!

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',
Till death should close my weary een,
Then leave thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' sward sae green.

Farewee!, my house an' burnie clear,
My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree!
The wee while I maun sojourn here,
I'll never find a hame like thee.

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.

This song was written for, and published as the concluding song of, Smith's Scottish Minstrel; a work, the music of which is singular for its sweetness and true Scottish simplicity. The song, with a little variation, forms an appropriate conclusion to these simple lyrical effusions.

The year is wearing to the wane,
An' day is fading west awa',
Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
And dark the cloud comes down the shaw;
But let the tempest tout an' blaw
Upon his loudest winter horn,
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a',
We'll maybe meet again the morn!

O, we hae wander'd far and wide
O'er Scotia's hills, o'er firth an' fell,
An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,
An' trimm'd them wi' the heather-bell!

We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,
The hamlet an' the baron's ha',
Now let us take a kind farewell,—
Good night, an' joy be wi' you a'!

Though I was wayward, you were kind,
And sorrow'd when I went astray;
For O, my strains were often wild
As winds upon a winter day.
If e'er I led you from the way,
Forgie your Minstrel aince for a';
A tear fa's wi' his parting lay,—
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

THE END.

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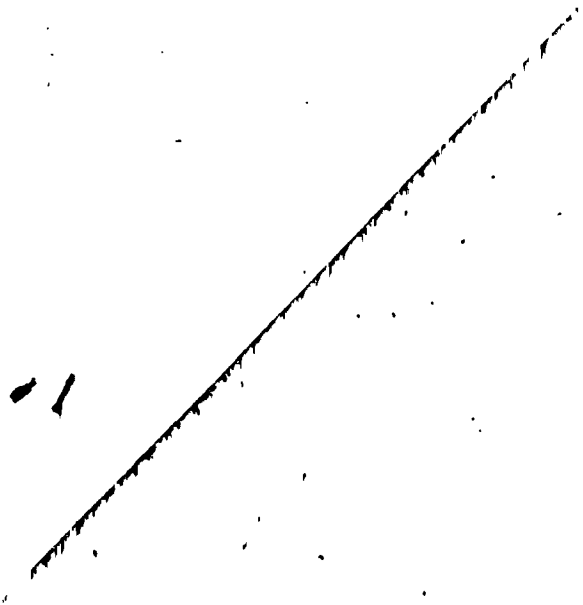

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